

*M A R C I A N O;*  
O R,  
T H E D I S C O V E R Y.  
A  
T R A G I - C O M E D Y,

Acted with great applause, before His  
*Majesties* high Commisſioner, and others  
of the Nobility, at the Abby of *Holyrud-*  
*houſe*, on St. *Johns* night:

*First Edition.*

By a company of Gentlemen.

*Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*——

*Hor. de art. Poet.*



*Edinburgh*, Printed in the year, 1663.







## To all humours.

**I**T was easie to cast the horoscope of this Peece, before it peep'd into the world, it being to appear in a Country, where the cold air of mens affections nips such buds in their very infancy: But, it was resolv'd it should live, maugre all the foul-mouth'd, detracting censures of some modern Criticks, who, labouring to deprive this of all applause, do render all others of this kind despicable in the sight of, other-ways more ingenuous persons then themselves, such as presume upon a monopoly of wit granted to them and their company, who, like to the Spaniard, scorns all perfumes, but what his own Country produces, do extort a larger Preface then was really intended. Although then, it is not ordinar to apologize for Playes in general, at the publishing of any particular one; Yet, because this now appears as a City-swaggerer in a Country-church, where seldom such have been extant; and that the peevish prejudice of some persons, who know nothing beyond the principles of base, greazy, arrogant, illiterate Pedants, who, like the grasshoppers of Egypt, swarm in every corner of this Nation, and plague all the youth accordingly, is such, that they cannot have patience to hear of a Comedy, because they never see one acted: For these reasons, you may consider Playes in their antiquity, use and dignity, and then, ingenuè mecum agat Zoilus. We read of such practices among the Grecians since the first Olympiad, now more then

two thousand years ago; from whom they were transferred to the Romans, by them had in such high veneration, that the greatest Emperors and Princes amongst them, as Julius Cæsar and others, upon the festival dayes, have made experiment of their gallantry by acting: and it is esteemed yet so little derogatory from the quality of a Prince, (far lesse of a Gentleman) to appear at solennities upon the Stage, that it is landably practised amongst our Christian Monarchs to this day.

The use which may be reaped of playes is so evident, that unless a man mistrust his very senses, he cannot but confesse, that to see, in a well acted Tragedy, the fatal ends of such as commit notorious murders, rapins, and other licentious vices represented, would terrifie any man whatsoever from attempting the like. In a Comedy, where ordinarily the paltry vices of the age, such as the Court vanity and prodigality, the City covetousness, or the Country-simplicity, &c. are extraordinarily taxed, many are deterred from what formerly they hugg'd, seeing their darling crimes exposed upon a publick Stage to the mockerie of the world: and hence, he who is even but the least conversant with the hatefull humours of both Sexes of our times, after perusal, may guesse why this carries the Title of The Discovery. Besides, Playes incite the youth to imitate the various actions of their Predecessors, as Alexander was stirr'd up by representation of Achilles actions, Achilles by those of Theseus, &c. with several other examples, whereof pregnant History can give an ample account. Nor is the perfection in acting less beneficial to the Commonwealth: For, we read how all the young Nobility of Greece were train'd up in this noble exercise, that they might be the better enabled to demean themselves handsomly in forraign Embassies, or such like employments: and we see even in our  
dayes



4

( )

dayes, how all such as are educat in the Jesuit Schools, where no less then amongst publick Actors the Stage is daily trod, gain an unspotted reputation of compleat Orators throughout all the Christian world. And the defficiency (or rather wilfull contempt of this education) is the reason why many of our pretenders to wit, now a dayes forsooth, either whistle of a tedious harrangue with no more motion then a statue, or else use such a canting constrained tone, with such ridiculous grimassees, as they seem rather to imitate a Mountebanks Zany, in his apish gestures, then to aspire to the title of accomplished Orators. Whereas to deliver a speech naturally, that the action may sute the words, and the words the action; although dissonant to the pedantry of this age, who vote down the use of Stage-playes (as they call them) for no other reason, but because in them, such pilfering stinkards as themselves, are often discovered in their own colours; so ridiculous in their imperious behaviour, that none save themselves (whose innate stupidity doth much excuse their impudence) cannot but see it and abhor it; although dissonant, I say, to their humours, yet is, by the approbation of all the intelligent world, the chiefest ingredient of an ingenuous Orator.

The dignity of Playes is such, as it hath been the study of the greatest Monarchs who ever flourished, to encourage the wit of their respective ages in such active performances, not only by their open countenance, but likewise private favours bestowed on the managers of such exercises, as many fair monumental Theaters built by the most eminent persons of the world, in their very ruins, do yet eloquently testifie.

Nor doth there any thing appear in holy Writings to impugn these assertions. For (which is remarkable) Playes of all sorts, did never so much flourish throughout all the Territories



1  
Territories of the Roman Empire, as in the dayes of our blessed Saviour and his Apostles; yet we never read that He, or any of them (otherwayes impartial reprovers of their contemporary enormities, did ever, either directly, or indirectly tax this innocent and usefull recreation: But on the contrary, inveighed against such hypocrits, as deluded the world with a vain show of piety, such as are now our sneaking detractors of the Stage, who, its probable) only hate Playes, because such pleasant spectacles divert the current of our, otherwayes melancholly imaginations, and hinder people from dreaming on rebellion, which our late proceedings may at large instruct: For no sooner had those hell-hounds, assassins of our liberties, snatch'd the very reins of Government into their hands, but as soon they thought it expedient to vote down all Scenick Playes, so that they should suffer in that same sentence with Monarchy; upon whom they have such a dependance, that at the thrice auspicious restoration of our Royal Sovereign, they were not only by him re-established, but also more gloriously adorned with priviledges, then formerly.

The main intent of this ensuing Tragi-comedy, was to smatter at a complement, for that noble Hero, whose merits claim more at the hands of all Appollo's subjects, then the stock of their inventions will ever be able to resound; who, as he hath proved himself (since first he was entrusted) a zealous propogator of the Royal Interest, so hath appear'd a very noble Patron to all true wit and gallantry whatsoever. But least it should seem too serious for the pallats of those, who expected nothing from the Stage but mirth: It was thought fit to interlude it with a comick transaction. So that being tyed to two different plots, without the speciall concurrence of a certain ingenuous Gentleman, to whose industry this Play owes much of its perfection, it had been a difficult

cul task to have arrived at a happy Catastrophe, seeing how hard it is to carry on two different plots in one single Play, is not unknown to any, who know what belongs to the Stage.

Let this then suffice the judicious Reader, As for such of a seeming serious, but real sawcy apprehension, who condemn this, as an inconsiderate youthfull frolick; when indeed, such clogs of Parnassus, are as so much rost-beef to their squeamish stomachs; whose calidum naturale, can digest nothing more heavy then bawdry Ba'lads, scurrilous Sonnets, and such water-works of Poetry: 'tis below Phœbus to cudgel them, and any, save pitifull, threed-bare, cringing, indigent, mercenary dablers, to flatter them. Let them live and die in the trenches of their own nesty ignorance, whilst all lovers of mirth and wit, may dayly challenge the respects of,

Their really devoted.

William Clarke.





## *Dramatis Personæ.*

**C**Leon, *Duke of Florence.*

Marciano, *a noble Siennois, his General.*

Srenuo, *Marciano's friend.*

Boralco, *Captain of the rebels guard.*

Cassio, } *two noble Gentlemen of quality.*

Leonardo, }

Pantaloni, } *two rich gulls, in favour with the Ladies.*

Becabunga, }

Manduco, *an arrogant Pedant, challenging power over*  
*Becabunga.*

*Two Courtiers.*

*Taylor.*

*A Servant, Partizans, Drums, Trumpets, Souldiers, &c.*

## *Women.*

Arabella, *A Siennois Lady, beloved of Marciano.*

Chrysolina, } *two Ladies of honour.*

Marionetta, }

*The Scen, Florence.*





M A R C I A N O;  
O R,  
T H E D I S C O V E R Y.

*Actus primus, Scæna prima.*

*A noyse within, Trumpets, Drums, Pistols,  
Shot, Swords clash, &c.*

*Enter Marciano, Wounded, chaffing, &c.*



Oft—By heavens—all lost,  
All our hopes blasted  
By *Love*, without hope of recovery.  
O gods, commiserate our despicable estate.  
*A noise Within as before,  
Exit hastily.*

*Enters again.*

Oh heavens! this day were we at push of pike  
For our publike liberty—Now we are at our wits end  
For our private safety.—

*A noyse within cry, they fly, they fly.*

Harke, what a hideous noyse—this fatal day  
Hath cancell'd all our former victories,  
Never to be remembred—in this hour.  
Our ancient splendour suffers sad eclipse.  
—*They fly*—*They fly*—Oh what a dismal word!  
How unaccustom'd—*Siennois* to fly;  
True *Siennois*—such as had vowed their lives.  
A victim<sub>e</sub> for their publike liberty,

B

To

To fly, like dust before mechanick slaves ;  
 Such as while now never knew other armes,  
 Then forks or shovels ——— Do the gods intend  
 To revel in our miseries ! —and prove  
 Strange paradoxes to the credulous world !  
 That abject, base, unmannag'd Varlets thus  
 Should overcome the Cavalry of *Siena* :  
 A thing unheard of ! O ! accursed wretches,  
 Whose too politick pates first hatcht these warres ;  
 You are least sharers here. My Prince and I  
 Must suffer this reproach — I slight my wounds ;  
 — But O ! my honour lost. — I'll bear it stoutly :  
 — Up then my spirits, be not you dejected ;  
 There's something yet to care for ——— there's no time  
 Now to complain : heavens know what just designs  
 We undertook ; though with unequal success.  
 Wee've done what lay in humane power — *Pistoia*  
 Bear witness, where so many insolent rebels  
 Have found this day their sepulchre : thy fields  
 Can testify how dear some sold their lives.  
 And thou, the Ensigne of all noble souls }  
 Make affidavit of this dayes behaviour. } *Holds up his sword.*  
 ——— Now to my generous Prince, whom cruel fates  
 Have levell'd with my self — Him will I search,  
 That if my fates require my quick departure  
 For *Stygian* lakes : as in my life I've been  
 Eminent in his service, I may now,  
 Dying courageously in his presence, have  
 His royal Pass-port and Testificate,  
 To raise my honour, and condole my fate.

*Exit.**Scena*



Scæna Secunda.

Enter Borasco with Souldiers.

Bor. — **S**O now the day's our own — but yet the Duke  
Escap'd — *Marciano* not prisoner !

The victory is not such as I expected.

But come, my *Mirmydons*, — wee'l not give over ;

Let's, with a party of our choicest horse,

Make narrow search for *Marciano* :

For, if we find him not, we must not think

To gain the Generals favour. — Come, my Boyes,

He hath attempted oft to strip the Senate

Of their new power, and so destroy us all ;

Whose hopes are nourished by the present wars :

So that if you shall catch him, you may sure

Expect a great reward : — his excellency,

The brave Lord *Barbaro* will hugg you for it.

Exit With Sould.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Marciano solus.

**O** *Florence* ! don't insult at this dayes success,  
This unnatural victory over thy lawfull Prince  
Will quickly make thee sensible of unnatural  
And intolerable Tyranny : that *Ichneumon*,  
Who now tickles thee in all thy desires  
Will stop thy breath at length, whilst thy good Prince,  
Whom thou can blame for nothing but misfortune,  
Shall yet be more unfortunate in seeing  
Thee too unfortunate. — But, I perceive  
The main designe of this preposterous war,  
Love and ambition muzzles humane souls ;



So that when private Subjects covet honour  
And power, their lawfull Prince must quit his Throne,  
No matter for what reason, since they mean  
Some reformation ; as if private preferment  
Were inconsistent with all Monarchy.

—But what ! 'tis unseasonable for me t'expostulate.  
My noble Prince (goodness protect him still)  
Is gone for *Savoy* ; I am here commanded  
To rally those few forces I can find,  
With slender hopes——but yet I'll do my best  
To prosecute his Royal orders——so,  
Good Subjects votes assist me ——'tis resolv'd,  
For while Dame nature does allow me breath,  
I'll serve my Prince——nought shall excuse but death.

*Exit.*

### *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Cassio, Leonardo, as at Florence.*

*Cass.* —— **O** ! *Leonardo* —— How dost do Boy ?  
*Leon. Cassio* —— thou art the man I was seek-  
ing, welcome effaith, and how Prethee ? *Cass* Well.

*Leon.* As well as the Ladies will permit thee ? —— ha.

*Cass.* Yes indeed——but how goes all with you——what news do'st hear.

*Leon.* Bad news effaith, all our hopes are now perished, it is for certain that the Duke is beat at *Pistoia* ; whether he hath escaped or not himself, is not yet known.

*Cass.* —— Sad —— trust me 'tis most sad, but, prethee, who shall be Duke now do'st think, when they have rejected him, who by law of inheritance was their lawfull Prince.

*Leon.* Why —— thou, —— if thou bee'st weary of thy life ; for a Prince now a dayes must raign no longer, then his Subjects please his government——men now begin to act real Tragedies.

*Cass.*

## The Discovery.

5

*Cass.* Good ; but how does thy learned cocks-comb judge of the event of all our present broyls ?

*Leon.* Why, just as a sober Drawer does of a company of young gulls inflaming the reckoning beyond the faculties of their pockets : ——— they will look pittifully, when the bill is produc'd ——— for they must pay for all.

*Cass.* How ! do'st think our state-mountebanks will not agree ?

*Leon.* Yes, for a while they may, like heifers in the yoke, but when once got loose, they'll push at one another.

*Cass.* Well ——— no more of that string ; these distracted times, I fear, will afford such discourses every day ——— how does thy Mistress, the Lady you know of, ——— ha ?

*Leon.* ——— Why, faith as unreasonable as ever.

*Cass.* How ! unreasonable ———

*Leon.* Yes ——— unreasonable, she will admit of no terms whatsoever, so that I fear I shall be forc'd to storm her : 'Tis, I can have scarce liberty to survey her very parapet and out-works, for fear of a thing (I do not know what they mean now a dayes) suspicion, I think she calls it ; and for thee, I beleve thou art in no better condition, for her Sister, thy Mistress (otherwayes in my opinion plyable) is rul'd by her, and both by an old urinal-peeping, onyon-breath'd hag, whom they call the Countesse of *Saromanca* forsooth, so that now she is impregnable.

*Cass.* A devil she is, 'Tis, I think it is become an epidemical disease amongst that sexe, they intend, I think, to imitate the times, and erect a new Commonwealth of themselves, excluding all masculine society, and so be call'd *the new assembly of zeal-copyholders*.

*Leon.* Yes, yes, for now they hold it a crime to court.

*Cass.* Since Monarchy fell, that trade is totally decayed, thou must now either Marry at first sight or else march off ; as if who should throw the Dye for a maydenhead, Boy.

*Leon.* Goodness, I think, by and by, we shall be constrained to make love to one another, and so thou shalt be my Mistress, *Cassio* ; for our modern Criticks will not allow us womens flesh, even upon holy-dayes.

*Cass.* True ——— for all the Ladies in *Florence* have a spice of this disease is there no remedy for't, do'st think ?

*Leon.*



*Marciano; or,*

*Leon.* None but patience, stay while Fortune turn up her wheel again, and then the Ladyes may turn up.

*Cass.* What ! their Petticoats ?

*Leon.* No——I have not sayd that yet, I mean may smile upon us more then they do : for now wee must not so much as see any Lady.

*Cass.* No——why I hope they will yet admit of a visit in civility ?

*Leon.* No——by no means, *Cassio*, thou must not name such a heresie as a visit, for thou may'st hinder other suitors : Remember that, Boy.

*Cass.* You say right——But who comes here ? } *Enter Chrysolina,*

*Leon.* I think they are women. } *and Marionetta*

*Cass.* Or else two things shuffel'd in the forme } *usher'd by Pantalo-*  
of women : dost know 'em *Leonardi* ? } *loni, at sight of Cass.*

*Leon.* Know 'em, why, who can know them } *and Leon. they pull*  
thus, such masquerades under their vails are like } *down their vails,*  
nuns at the grate, they may see us, but wee cannot see them. } *traverse, &c.*

*Exeunt*

*Cass.* True, for there is no way else to discover them, but by smelling ; and what smell women have now a dayes, faith, I cannot tell.

*Leon.* Smell, say'st thou ; they have a most acute smell, a woman can now a dayes smell a mans love to her, before ever possibly he be in love with any ; I was rejected by a lady last day, before ever I knew her well ; yet such was the imagination that she had of my respects, that she entertained her companions with the relation of my adventures for her —— you will think that strange.

*Cass.*——Strange !——No faith, I hope, by progresse of time, they will conceive by the meer wind of report, and so wee shall have a hopefull race of young *Florentine-jennets*, as light-heel'd as those of *Spain*, I warrand yow : but, prethee, what was that Lady, you talk'd of ?

*Leon.* Why, the little handsome *Donazella*, what do you call her, on the other syde of the river ?

*Cass.* Ho——Ho——I know her, a noble Lady effaith, but I am sorry, that she is infected with that disease, she seemes to have a spark of wit.

*Leon.*



## The Discovery.

7

*Leon.* Tush, 'tis become a plague, *Cassio*, a very plague; do'st not know the gentelman, who was rejected of a Lady, having no other evidence of his affection then the carrying of a letter from one of her freinds to her, wherein he was recommended to her acquaintance, which as a trophee of her conquests she did impart to her *hearts-conquerour*—and yet a Lady of admirable qualities. — Men now a dayes breed their female children, as the *Chineses* do their wives, or the *Grand-signior* his concubines, close at home.

*Cass.* But, prethee, did'st know that same peece of foppery, who attended them who by his garbe would seeme to challenge the title of a man?

*Leon.* Know him, why, who does not know him; 'tis *Signior Pantaloni*, the rich city-gull, whose golden fleece dazzles the eyes of all the Ladyes in Toun, to whose chamber he is almost as welcome as a young batchelour of Divinity, who hath lately past his tryalls, is to a zealous widow of ten months standing, that would faine repeat her former allegiance, and taste the game again — But come, you shall go along with me to the Lady *Chrysolina*, there I hope wee shall have some favour, if wee get access, I mean.

*Cass.* — I, with all my heart, but that's the question.

*Exeunt*

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## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Pantaloni, with Chrysolina and Marionetta.*

*Pant.* I take it so indeed, Ladies, you must excuse me if I do you the honour to visit you sometimes; for my mother sayes, Son, saith she, it is high time you were married — I hope you know my meaning.

*Chryf.* Sir, you shall be welcome.

*Pant.* I hope so indeed: — For, I vow I would never desire a handsomer wife then you are. — I protest, Mistress, you are very handsome, though I say it that should not say it.

*Mar.* You flatter highly, Sir.

*Pant.* Not indeed.

*Chryf.*

*Marciano ; or,*

*Chryf.* Well, Sir, as for your visit, I shall admit it ; but for marriage—you know——

*Pant.* Ho——I know well enough, you are governed by your friends ; but I shall tickle them I warrand you, let me alone for that.

*Mar.* It is the safest way, Sir.

*Pant.* So——then forsooth, since I know the way to your Chamber, I will come and see you every day ; now because my mother is sick and taking physick, I must go home and keep company with her, else I'll assure you, I would not leave you thus——farewell.

*Exit.*

*Mar.* You see them Gentlemen, *Cassio* and *Leonardo*, as we passed along, Sister ?

*Chryf.* But I hope they did not know us, Sister, 'tis not fit we entertain them, they are not matches for us.

*Mar.* But I warrand you, they'll render us a visit shortly.

*Chryf.* I should rather wish they would abstain, Sister, you know our friends will not relish it well ; I should be very well content of this *Signior Pantaloni* for my husband ; I hope no body hears us.

*Mar.* True, for although the others may be Gentlemen of good parts, yet I know wee are design'd for them *Signiors* ; so the Lady *Saromanca* told me last day.

*Chryf.* And wee must follow their advice you know Sister.

*Mar.* Yes indeed, and reason for it.

*Enter Manduco hastily.*

*Man.* Hum——*etiam confabulantes inveni* : I have it in my pocket, that will afford them new cogitations,

*Chryf.* Mr. *Manduco*, you are welcome, pray, how does my aunt ?

*Man.* I have a little negotiation with you in private ; for I am legate from *Signior Becabunga*, (my sometimes pupill) as more amply shall briefly appear. And how think you——marry thus, here's a letter for you——

*Chryf.* I hope he is in good health, Sir.

*Man.* O! yes, he is valetudinary, herein he presents (as I co-  
jesturen

} takes out a Letter out of a tobacco-box.



lecture) his amorous servitude to you both; he will be in Town next week, for I'll assure you he flagitates to see you: I hope you will afford him gracious entertainment — hum — hum —

*Chryf.* He shall be welcome, Sir.

*Man.* I will assure you, Ladies, he is an adolescent of eximious candor and egregious integrity: I have been at much pains and labour in educating him, I may say, ever since his pubertie: but now that he is come to the years of intelligency, I have given him over —

*Mar.* He will make us in love with him e're we see him.

*Man.* But, for your further satisfaction, I shall, *paucissimis*, insinuate to you the method of his education. — *Primo*, then, when he came under my gubernation, which was about the year of his age, *Anno Domini*, (let me see) *millesimo, sexcentesimo, quadragesimo sexto*, it being then Leap-year; he was, *inquam*, a very perverse youth, vitiat in his behaviour, knowing nothing but what he had learned amongst the *ancilla's* (what d'you call 'em) Chamber-maids.

*Chryf.* Now, Sister, you shall have him anatomized to you.

*Man.* But, so soon as I took him in hand, I did so belabour his *nates* with my *ferula*, that *profecto* I have whipped him, whip'd him thus — for half an hour together, untill his abundant lachrymation had mov'd compassion: but, I knew that was the only way to discipline him —

*Chryf.* Indeed Sir —

*Man.* — So, I say, having taught him his *Orthographia, Etymologia* and *Prosodia*, having alwayes a sollicitous eye over his behaviour: I did learn him to make his reverence, not as your *Monseurs* do, but more gravely in this manner; next, how to *> congees*, &c. take a Lady by the hand; — So — afterwards how to kiss, — in this fashion —

*Mar.* A pretty method indeed.

*Man.* I gave him, as I say, wholsom admonitions, cautions, instructions, and now and then some little exhortations. *Primo*, Not to be garrulous; for, (believe me, Ladies) *Vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*; you are alwayes wisest when you hold your peace. And then with what gesture to discourse, gravely, as you see me,



and like a School-man ; (for, I have been sometimes *Hypodidasculus* in the great School of *Florence*, imo *Hypodidasculus*, Ladies) but, as I said, I learned him to be concinne and terse in his habit, with hair in the same longitude, as you see mine. *Secundo*, How to keep a clean mundified nose, not with his sleeve, but with his *sudarium*, or handkercher ———

*Mar.* He intends to weary us I think.

*Man.* *Tertio*, As I said — (*hoc agatur serio*) *tertio*, as I said, *tertio, inquam*, to eat his meat with a great deal of circumspection and neatly ; that is to say, with one finger and his thumb — thus — *Quarto*, To contain himself *à capite / calpendo* ; from scratching of his head, (give ear I beseech you, Ladies, for it concerns you.)

*Mar.* He thinks we are his Schollars.

*Chrys.* Peace, Sister, let us hear him out.

*Man.* *Quarto*, As I said, (take heed) *Quinto*, I say, and *maximè à crepitando & eructando* ; that is, from emitting ventosities or flatuositities from his concavities : with several other admonitions, according to the dictates of *Joannes Sulpitius*, and *Guilielmus Lilius*, my two very good and learned friends ———

*Mar.* Will he never make an end ?

*Man.* But, above all, Ladies, for respect to his friends (because I am incarcerated with obligations to all his paternal Relations) I did alwayes exhort him to abstain from tripudiation or dauncing, gladiation or fencing, lusitation or gaming, equitation or riding, & *fic de ceteris* ; So that now he is one of the best educate youths in *Florence*, else *Ego operam & oleam perdidit*.

*Chrys.* He is very much obliged to you, Sir.

*Man.* Now, I will not molest you with a more ample relation of his good qualifications ; but, he is a friend to modesty and chastity, an enemy to superbity, *in potu moderatus* ; but, *notandum* — he is most locuplete both in argentary and frumentary rents — not given to luxury or venery — no, not at all to venery —

*Mar.* What a tedious harangue for nothing.

*Man.* But, (to conclude, because now the time is gone) as I said before, as I say now, and I hope your intelligence does comprehend when he comes into Town, I shall concomitate him to your domicile

## The Discovery.

II

cile, diversory, chamber, cubicular, or what you please, and — so  
farewell. *Exit.*

*Chryf.* What a meer Pedant !

*Mar.* As ever liv'd, Sister, I cannot love him.

*Chryf.* Peace, Sister, let us appear civil before him ; for, he is  
imployed by that Gentleman *Becabunga's* friends, to sound our  
humours I warrand you —

And what our friends have ordain'd, we will do,  
What e're it be, there's reason for it too.

*Exeunt.*

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## Scæna Sexta.

*Enter Arabella sola, as at Siena, having got intelligence  
of the Rebels victory.*

*Ar.* — **T**Oo true — I fear'd it alwayes ; — now frail woman,  
Has thou no eyes ? Art thou not sensible  
Already of our slavery ? — *Barbaro,*  
*A Florentine,* a profess'd enemy  
To all *Sinnois,* will become our Master.  
— But hold — imagine the brave *Marciano,*  
As gods know, and I fear, a prisoner.  
Consequently thy heart in quarter with him,  
— Pray, what wouldst do ? Resolve, poor *Arabella,*  
Would'st not go search him ? or would'st rather stay  
Thou at *Siena* here, he, God knows where.  
Love prompts the first, honour perswades the last,  
This fear advises, that hope strongly presses ;  
Fear tells me, I should erre ; for, may be he  
Whom in prosperity, I did scarce esteem,  
May now forget me too, ( a fault our Sex  
Ofttimes commit, more through infirmity  
Then malice ) yet, were I assur'd he were  
Prisoner in *Florence,* I'd no more debate,  
But search and find him, at whatever rate.

*Exit.*



*Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.**Enter Marciano, a boy with him as in an Inn.*

— **T**His Inn is good — now late — I might have here  
 Convenient lodging, if I durst but stay —  
 — Sirrah, go see my horses — *Exit Boy.*

*A chair set out.*

Good gods ! is't come to this ? — must we behold  
 Rebellion in it — full *Epitasis* ?  
 No antidote to save th'empoysoned State ? —  
 — Those forces, I had rallied, now undone,  
 Routed, quite routed — what shall I resolve —  
 I've overcome a tedious voyage — O !  
 If I could now have but one half hours rest,  
 That with good news from my Prince would refresh  
 Both body and soul — But yet how can my eyes  
 Receive their lawfull tribute, when my heart  
 Is tof'd 'twixt hope and love ? — hope bids me live  
 To see a blessed *Catastrophe* yet to all  
 Our present tumults — love perswades me rather  
 To dye, then see the vertuous *Arabella*,  
 (Although unkind to me, as yet despising  
 My ardent suit) become a prey to such  
 As know no love, but in their tyranny.

O heavenly, divine creature — would thou know *(sits down)*  
 My present flames — wer't possible those sighs  
 My troubled heart sends forth, might be condens'd  
 Into one body : — sure they could inform  
 Those very stones with breath, those stones should move :  
 Those stones should speak ; and as they are become  
 The only witnesses of my complaint,  
 So be the true Embassadors of my sorrow ;

To

# The Discovery.

13

To show the vertuous *Arabella*—that—  
Thus — for — her love-----

*takes a nap.*

*Enter boy hastily.*

My Lord — the enemy — the enemy — Fly... Fly... Fly.

*Exit boy running.*

*Marciano bolts out of his chair.*

Fly ! Fly ! avaunt with that base cowardly gibbriſh ;  
That *Algebra* of honour ; which had never  
Been nam'd, if all had equal courage — what ?

I fly ! Poor rogue, 'had as good bid me dye,

*(draws*

I'll force my way, or make a noble end,

Valour does sometimes humane wit transcend.

*Enter Souldiers, ſwords drawn, &c.*

1. *Soul.* This way — 'tis he — take quarter.

*Marc.* Quarter ! — no ſlaves — I'll ſee your entrails fiſt.

Thus Dogs —

} fight, *Sould.* falls back,  
} *Marciano purſues.*

*Enter again haſtily.*

The hounds are now at a bay —

— No way t'eſcape — fortune, if not me,

Commiferate at leaſt my Prince — I prize not

My life, if I muſt dye, transform my ſoul

Into ſome loyal breaſt, — I dye contented.

*Enter Soul. as before.*

There again — villains, are you ſo bold

— This Sword ſhall tame you —

} falls back as before,  
} *Marciano purſues.*

*A noiſe within. Enter Borafco, Souldiers with them,*

*Marciano priſoner.*

*Bor.* Sir, your noble courage hath oblidge'd our care,

The terms of your ſurrender ſhall be obſerved

Faithfully — now to horſe —

*Marc.* I do obey, Sir, for with ſuch as you

A word does more, then oaths with cowards do.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Scena*



## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Manduco, with Signior Becabunga, knock at the door, &c.*

*Man.* HO ——— who is within there? } *Enter Boy.*  
*Boy.* Your servant Gentlemen.

*Man.* Is the Lady *Marionetta* within?

*Boy.* Yes Sir, Pray what are you, who demands?

*Man.* Why, here is Signior *Becabunga* newly come to town —  
 But heark you, is she occupied?

*Boy.* How Sir.

*Man.* Profane Fellow — I mean, is she not busie — that is to  
 say, at leasure?

*Boy.* O, yes — please you walk in.

*Man.* Yes — yes — *heus* — *ingrediamur*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter again at the other end, chairs set.*

*Boy.* Please you to walk here a little, while I go call the  
 Ladies *Exit.*

*Man.* Remember now, when you are in private to propone  
 matrimony with a great deal of ceremony, and for your comple-  
 ments, you may call her the Lady that triumphs in the Coach-box  
 of your affections, a bewitching *Syren*, a beautifull *Thais*, and so  
 forth, as occasion offers. Praise her hair, her eyes, her ears, her  
 breasts, &c. There is abundance of choice epithetes to be had, you  
 may say her face is like a Print-book of divers characters, that puzzles  
 the reader, her nose like the style of a Dyal, her eyes like Stars, her  
 hair like Gold, her teeth like Ivory, her veins like silk, and her breasts  
 like milk, and so forth, as I said before: ——— you'l remember on  
 this now.

*Bec.* Yes, yes, I warrand you, I shall remember — let me see  
 now, her breasts, her shoulders, her toes, her fingers, her nayls  
 and her nose ——— But hark you, must I say nothing of her  
 cloaths?

*Man.*

THE DISCOVERY.

*Man.* How come you to say that now?

*Bec.* Why? her nose makes me remember on it.

*Man.* —So —so—come, fall upon the } *Enter Chrysolina, Mari-*  
*Ladies* —go—I say. } *onetta, Bec. Salutes. &c*

*Bec.* Ladies, I am indeed glad to see you now.

*Man.* Ladies, I am your devotionated devotionary.

*Mar.* You are welcome to Town Sir.

*Bec.* Protest, Ladies, I am your humble servant.

*Man.* As before, *nam cœlum non animum mutat.* } *Man prompts*

*Bec.* As before, *nam cœlos non animus mutat.* } *him behind*  
 } *his back*

*Man.* You are wrong—Say—I did long vehemently to see you  
—as one in child-bed.

*Bec.* I did long vehemently to see you in child-bed.

*Man.* A meer brutum animall!

*Bec.* What's the matter, Sir, did not I say } *Man. retires in*  
very well now. } *a rage Becabung*  
 } *followes him*

*Man.* No—it was altogether sinistruous, I have effodiate  
the treasure of my brain in educating you,—and yet for all that  
you are a meer *ignoramus*.

*Bec.* O—I will do well enough yet—Pray, tell me what I  
should say, for the Ladies are waiting upon me.

*Man.* No—I will complement them my self—speak not you  
—*ne vel unum grn.*

Ladies, This gentelman is newly arrived at *Florence* the desuetude  
of amorous conversation, with the assuetude of rurall excercises  
have so, as I may say, confounded his intellectuals, that if he hesi-  
tate in the pronounciation, he hopes you will meerly attribute it to  
his campestriall, trimestriall perigrination.

*Chryf.* We not only excuse you, Sir, but likewise account our  
selves honoured by your visit—Pray sit down Sir.

*Man.* Yes, yes, without ceremony.

*Bec.* Why—I think, you are silent, Madam. } *Bec. sits down by*  
 } *Mar Man sits be-*  
 } *twixt the Ladies.*

*Mar.* I love not to prate Sir.

*Bec.* Nor I either.

*Man.* Nay so long as he was under my *serula*; I did labour to  
coerce in him that loquacious verbosity, or rather ve bosious lo-  
quacity





## The Discovery.

17

But I more prudent was then so  
As soon as she drew nigh  
I turn'd my back to her, and lo  
She glyded by.  
Immediately.  
Then I began to ruminare, and say,  
What is wo——man?  
Even no——man.  
Why then should wee love her,  
Seing we are above her,  
And she, at best, mans hacquency?

*Man. arises.*

——But heark you, Madam, I beleeve 'tis now time wee should  
leave them to their private confabulation.

*Chryf.* Yes Sir, with all my heart.

*Man.* One word then with this Gentelman, and I am gone——  
*Hens,* be attentious and circumspectious in your behaviour, remem-  
ber on those *elegantes phrases* I taught you when you came in: so  
I will retire, and leave you for a space.

*Exit with Chryf.*

*Bec.* Now wee are all alone, Madam, I hope you know my errand.

*Mar.* Not well Sir.

*Bec.* I am sure, my Father said he caused the Lady *Saromanca*  
speak to you, or else I am deceived.

*Mar.* But you had best speak to my Uncle, Sir; I am at his  
disposall.

*Bec.* You are very modest.

*> Offers to kisse, she refuses.*

*Mar.* And I hope that is a vertue in a maid, Sir.

*Bec.* As I am a virgin, it is; I love you all the better for it:  
and I'll assure you so long as you are modest, you can never be im-  
pudent.

*Enter Boy,*

Madam, *Signior Pantaloni* is below, shall I tell him you are  
within?

*Mar.* Yes, yes, by all means, you must not deny us to such a  
Gentelman of quality as he is.

*Bec.* *Signior Pantaloni*, say you, my old comrade, I would be  
very glad to see him.



*Marciano ; or,*

*Mar.* He is in suite of my Sister, a Gentelman of a great estate, I am much for the match; I'll go cause my Sister come hither.

*At the other end enter Signior Pantaloni,*

*Bec. salutes him.*

*Bec. Signior Pantaloni!*

*Pant. Signior Becabunga*—welcome to Town in good faith.—  
You are very gallant. *Surveyes Bec. cloaths.*

*Bec.* —It is my winter suite, Sir, it cost my Father a good deal of money, more then the price of ten bolls of wheat, or barley, I warrand you.

*Pant.* I am sure, you have had brave sport in the country all this while.

*Bec.* O yes; you know my dog *Springo*?

*Pant.* Yes, and *Gasto, graybitcho, brounbounds*, and all the tribe of them: I knew them all since they were puppers, and your self too.

*Bec.* Why, I will let him loose with any 'his match in *Tuscany*.

*Pant.* O what a fool was I, might not I have been with you all this while, if it had not been for this baggagely Mistris of mine, *Madam Chrysolina*, call you her, whom my Mother will have me to woo whether I will or not, I may say; I had been in the country all this harvest. —But, what shall I tell you, have not I learn'd since I see you to dance forsooth—that's a *conpee*—*frisks about* that's a *circumflex pas*: that's a *transverse pas &c.*

*Bec.* O brave *Pantaloni*! *Enter Manduco leading the Ladies.*

*Pant.* I, but I can fence too—*zeest—zeest—zeest* *Thrusts at Bec.*

*Pant.* Ladies, I hope I have not com'd in into you *Discover* as I may say intrusiously, or intrusively. *the Ladies.*

*Chry.* Not at all Sir, you are very welcome, pray how does your Lady mother, and your Sisters?

*Pant.* All in good health, Madam, at your service—*Signior Manduco*, you are welcome to Town.

*Man.* *Signior Pantaloni*, I am yours integrally, and *quasi exn-* so in the prosperity of this our congression.

*Enter Boy.*

Madam, the two Gentelmen you call *Casio* and *Leonardo* desire to see you.

*Mar.*

## The Discovery.

19

*Mar.* Go tell them we are not within.

*Chryf.* Tell them we are not at leasure, Sirrah.

*Exit Boy.*

*Man.* What are they ?

*Pant.* Ranting, young blades, like the times, I warrand you, two fellows, that have frequented all your Stage-playes in *Italy*, and I heard our Chaplain say ; and my Sister too (which is more) that Playes were very unlawfull and impious.—

*Man.* Playes are indeed profane, scelerate, abominable, yea, abominably abominable—which I will maintain *multis argumentis*.

*Pant.* Besides, they are great mockers of such Gentlemen as us, who are better then themselves.

*Man.* Are they of the Dukes party ?

*Pant.* Yes, I warrand you.

*Man.* *Hoc satis est—odi totam gentem* : Ladies, you do well not to converse with them—but no more of them : Ladies, what would you think of a perambulation in this calid, æstivous season ?

*Chryf.* But whether shall we walk, Sir ?

*Pant.* Any where, Madam, I shall wait upon you.

*Bec.* And, I shall stick close to my Lady, forsooth.

*Mar.* Wee'l have a coach then.

*Bec.* By all means—call a Coach.

*within, Coach, &c.*

*Man.* Let us then passe the Pomeridian hours in obambulation : for I am defatigate with session.

*Exeunt omnes.*

D?

Scena



## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Borasco with Arabella prisoner.*

*Ar.* **G**ood my Lord, for the respect to honour,  
Prove courteous to a poor distressed Lady,  
And now your prisoner——

*Bor.* My prisoner——Nor, by this hand, so much,  
As I am yours. (*kisses her hand.*)

*Ar.* I should belye my passion, Sir, if I,  
Next to the publike destiny of my Country,  
Did not resent my own calamity ;  
But yet your undeserved clemency  
Does moderate my misfortunes——

*Bor.* How ! undeserved——when even *Cannibals*,  
Tam'd by the aspect of your radiant eye,  
Would quit their barb'rous, superstitious rites,  
And offer, what their gods usurp, to you.

*Ar.* Sir, I owe much, I must confess, to nature,  
But your applause inflames the ill more high,  
'Tis now our common fate to be imprison'd,  
But not so common to be thus respected.

*Bor.* Lady, what the Lord *Barbaro* hath ordain'd  
I hold it alwayes justice——but because  
Your face does speak you one, whom all should honour,  
That e're have known what love is, I regrave  
This your confinement ; the causes of which  
Are only known to his excellency,

(*Enter Iaylor.*)

Time will discover all——but here he comes  
Who must be your guardian——Sirrah——

*Iayl.* Your pleasure, my Lord ?

*Bor.* By order from the Senate, you'r commanded  
To take this Lady in your custody——  
See you respect her, Sirrah,——let her not

Be

*The Discovery.*

21

Be us'd, as other ordinary prisoners.

Mark what I say, you varlet — serve her well.

*Jayl.* I shall, forsooth, my Lord, she shall be as well us'd as any Lady can be in prison.

*Bor.* Madam, I'll visit you sometimes, and see You treated, like an honourable Lady.

This Fellow shall have special care of you,

Command him at all times ; and for my service,

Pray spare it not — farewell — she is my prisoner,

*(aside.*

I shall have fit time yet t' impart my flames.

*Exit.*

*Jayl.* Now, forsooth, Madam, will you be pleased to walk — I'll conduct you to as neat, a wel-swipp'd, wel-trimm'd Room, as you can have in many parts of *Florence*: My Lord *Borasco*, is a very obliging Gentleman, and I'll assure you, he loves to be courteous ; I will have a care of you for his sake ; my Wife, and I (I must have you acquaint with her, Madam) for she is one of the loving'st, dutifull, old Sluts, that you have known —

*Ar.* Come then, let's go —

*Jayl.* — My Wife and I, I say, Madam, shall serve you to a hair, for she loves to be courteous, as well as my self,

*Ar.* Where are my Countrymen lodg'd ? I rather Be with them, as elsewhere —

*Jayl.* A *Pisan*, Madam ?

*Ar.* No — a *Siennois*.

There are many *Siennois* Nobles in my custody.

*Ar.* The Lord *Marciano* : since 'tis my misfortune To be his Fellow-prisoner.

*Jayl.* Madam, you shall see him, for I love to be courteous, especially to strangers, Madam.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena*



## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Chrysolina, Marionetta, as in their Chamber.*

*Mar.* How did you like our last entertainment, Sister?  
*Chryf.* Indifferently well; I love that same Gentleman, *Signior Bisabunga*: he is none of your ranting young Gallants, but a sober youth as is in all *Florence*.

*Mar.* 'Tis true, but yet ——

*Chryf.* ——What——don't you love him, Sister? you are a fool if you let such a fair occasion slip——such a fine Woodcock is not start every day: —— he hath a great Estate, Sister, remember that.

*Mar.* 'Tis all true——

*Chryf.* I, and he will not readily spend it; his Tutor, *Manduco*, hath bred him very sparingly——honest man, I protest he is an honest man: ——yea, a very honest man.

*Mar.* He is indeed——

*Chryf.* And then, Sister, you may have a very contented life with him; he is a good-natur'd, sweet youth, he will give you all your wil', and I'll assure you that is a great property in a man.

*Mar.* ——And what think you of your own Suitor, *Pantalon*, all this while? } *Enter Cassio, Leon-*

*Chryf.* Why——I know not what I shall } *nardo, quietly.*  
 say of him yet. } *Mar. discovers them.*

*Mar.* Goodness! how came they here? } *Chryf. starts back,*

*Leon.* Nay, my pretty *Daphne*, fly not my } *amazed.*  
 embraces, I know we have surpris'd you now.

*Cass.* What pretty intrigue of love was the object of your discourse, pray let us be sharers with you in your entertainment.

*Leon.* My life for't, you were devising some stratagem, how to crosse the designs of some affectionat Vorary: you have no pity on our Sex now a dayes, Ladies.

*Cass.* None, indeed, if you were not visible in this age, then we should not love: but, when we once conceive flames of affection  
 for

## The Discovery.

23

for you, in lieu of fomenting us in our delights, you make love a disease to us by your unmercifull nicety, which deprives us altogether of your conversation: this is sad, Ladies; trust me 'tis sad.

*Mar.* You wrong our Sex, Sir.

*Chryf.* But, d'you hear, Sir, seriously I intreat you would forbear such visits; for, you will but give people occasion to talk of what we never thought on.

*Mar.* And besides, Sir, those who challenge power over us will be offended at this entertainment: we intreat you then, Gentlemen, to leave us.

*Cass.* Farewell then, cruel beauty, but do not imagine such a harsh repulse will stop the current of my boundless love; absence shall never prove so fatal: but while my breath shall demonstrate that I live, this heart, this speech and this hand shall demonstrate that I love you. Farewell bright star of my fancy.

*Exit.*

*Leon.* Such a fair Lady cannot be so cruel, I will not take this answer as a repulse, but rather construe it the most favourable way. Farewell, time, I hope, shall melt the severity of your resolutions.

*Exit.*

*Chryf.* Farewell my ranting gamsters, we are not meat for your mouths.—What foolish people have we in our house, Sister, to admit them Gentlemen?—why, they came in upon us while we were serious.

*Mar.* Yes, Sister, and if one of us had been commenting on the Piss-pot, it had been all one to them, when doors are left open.

*Chryf.* And knowing that our friends cannot endure them, they should, at least, in conscience, have denied them access. O! how I shall baffle them same wenches that did not look to our Chamber door better.

*Mar.* I protest, Sister, we must marry quickly, otherways we shall be constantly infested with such importunate Suitors; and that, in my opinion, is no great pleasure to a woman, it distracts their spirits, me thinks.

*Chryf.*



*Chryf.* You say right, Sister, wee shall never be well, untill we be even well married.

*Exeunt.*

### *Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Borasco, with Arabella in prison.*

*Bor.* **L**ady, I have at length obtain'd that favour  
Of the Lord *Barbaro*, you may go abroad  
To any part o'th citty that you please.  
Providing you return hither at night——

*Ar.* My Lord, I thank you kindly, I find you have  
Exceeded in your favours, since I came  
Into this prison: you have (without flattery)  
Even overacted courtesie to me——

*Bor.* I plead not so for every one, but you  
May challenge my respects:——the power I have  
As captain of the Guards, shall be employed  
To serve you, Madam, as you please command me.

*Ar.* Then pray, my Lord, 'mongst others, grant me this,  
To see the Lord *Marciano*.

*Bor.* Madam, I shall conduct you to his Chamber,  
Or, if you please, he shall come hither to you.

*Ar.* No, I will go to him.

*Exeunt.*

### *Scena Sexta.*

*At the other end enter Marciano, with him the Jaylor,*

*Marc.* **A** Lady, say'st thou?

*Jayl.* Yes, my Lord, a young Lady.

*Marc.* A Lady, and a *Siennois*,——strange!

Who

# The Discovery.

25

Who can this be ! — but now I have a thought,  
Yet I dare not expresse it — can it be !  
No, sure — impossible — prethee begone,  
And leave me to my self —

*Jayl.* She will be here by and by, my Lord. *Exit Jayl.*

*Marciano solus.*

*Marc.* Well, who this Lady is, I cannot think,  
But in a dreame : — O, may I yet imagine,  
’Tis she — Nay, hold — my hope cannot support? *Enter Arabella*  
Such a strong thought of blesse ! I shall offend } *quietly.*  
Even in thinking — } *Marciano discovers her.*

— A cheat — a meer cheat — eyes do not gull me.

The Lady *Arabella* ! — No, unlesse

I heare her talk, — I think it still a phantasme

— Speak fair ghost — is it thee ?

} *Approaches*  
} *to her.*

*Ar.* *Marciano*, it is I, the unfortunat *Arabella*.

*Marc.* Then it is no more I — O — how I am } *Embraces her.*  
Transported ! how that divine voyce hath ravished  
My duller senses ! — is’t possible, you weep  
In sympathy with my afflictions ?

*Ar.* Yea altogether.

*Marc.* Good gods ! it is she — O does *Arabella*, } *Embraces*  
Who, while I was in full prosperity, } *again.*  
Did frown upon my Passions : stoop so low,  
As see me now in misery — unlesse  
She mean, as children, with their hobby-horses,  
T’unravell me, that she may thereby see  
What stuff I do contain : — dare I presume  
To think that love to me hath brought you hither ?

*Ar.* Most true — nought else —

*Marc.* Fair innocence, whose presence does revive  
My spirits in this agony of sorrowes,  
While I am coop’d up, as a parrot, here,  
Expecting every day, when *Atropos*  
Shall cut my threed of life ; that you should daigne  
To visit me ! had your fair hand dispatch’d  
One word in post, it had been too great honour.

E

End



But thus to be thy own Embassadour,  
Tis a bewitching happinesse; no tongue  
Can well expresse my passion——good, my stars  
Preserve me from an extasie!——

*Ar.* You wrong me, *Marciano*, I left *Sienna*,  
Hearing of your bad successe; thence I came  
To *Luca*; there not finding you, to *Florence*,  
To see if I could purchase your enlargement,  
Either by art, or favour: but no sooner  
Was I come hither, when I was suspected  
As one, who keep't secret intelligence  
With the Dukes party here, and so committed——

*Marc.*——Committed—how!—committed—heathnish wretches!  
Barbarous Rebels! to imprison one,  
Whom Indians had spar'd, — By *Mars*——unheard of  
Even amongst *Turks*, and *Tartars*! *Ar.* Nay forbear,  
I am not so unfortunate, as you think,  
The Senate meaning thus to punish me  
Have rather cherish'd me:——your company  
May well allay my griefs.

*Marc.* By this——and this—— ? Kisses her hand.  
You honour me too much, but which is sad,  
I never shall be able to repay  
That love to you, which I owe, seeing every hour  
I doe expect my sentence——

*Ar.* Alas! harsh fates! O frail reward of courage!

*Enter Jaylor.*

*Jayl.* Madam, my duty bears me to conduct you to your  
Chamber, it is now high time.

*Ar.* My Lord, adieu, I shall see you to morrow.

*Marciano solus.*

*Exit with Jayl.*

*Marc.* Farewell, my souls delight, — O unkind Stars!  
A fit theatre for such entertainement!  
An embleme of our love!——But I exclaim  
Unseasonably.——O how prettily  
Fortune hath tyed me, as a Shrove-tide bird,  
While *Saturne*, *Mars* and *Cupid* levell at me:

—A

## The Discovery.

27

—— A fig for all her tricks——I scorn her frown,  
She can win nothing, while my hearts my own.

*Exit.*

### Scena Septima.

*Enter Strenuo with the Jaylor.*

*Stren.* Is he sentenced already?

*Jayl.* No, not yet; but he must die.

*Stren.* Well——let him go, 'twill learn others to be wise, friend;  
for, Souldiers have but shrewd arrears paid them now for their  
service.

*Jayl.* I am really sorry for him; as I am true *Florentine* he is  
a noble Gentleman, and loves to be courteous——

*Stren.* But, d'you hear, Mr. Jaylor, shall we have t'other cup  
the night?

*Jayl.* I——at the *Siena* Tavern, *Signior Strenuo*, where we  
may have a cup of good Canary; I am for you there, *Signior Stre-*  
*nuo*, and will spend my checquin most heartily, *Signior*; for, I love  
to be frolique as well as courteous, especially with strangers, *Signior*.

*Stren.*——Come then, brave old Boy, we'll have a cup o'th best  
on't. Will you go along now and I'll give you your morning  
draught?

*Jayl.* No——not now; I must wait upon my Lord *Borasco*,  
he sent word that he would be here by and by.

*Stren.* Farewell then——at night——old *Hary*——at night.

*Exit Stren.*

*Jayl.* Yes, yes, I shall not fail you *Signior*, I warrant you. This  
same *Strenuo* is a notable fellow, as ever I knew of a *Siennois*: he  
loves to be courteous, effaith.

*Enter Borasco with Souldiers.*

*Bor.* See it be done, I say, the Senate means  
To whip most of your stubborn *Siennois*,  
By his example——firrah, Jaylor. *Jayl.* My Lord.

*Bor.* The Lord *Marciano* is condemn'd to die——

*Jayl.* The time, my Lord——



*Bor.* Within six dayes, no more respite——

Here are the Generals orders for it.

——*Sirrah*, look to your prisoner, watch him well.

I'll double all the ordinary guards

About the prison; place my Sentinels

In every corner——

*Jayl.* I shall watch him, my Lord, I'll assure you,

*Bor.* As you will answer us: now he shall die.

Although he hath escap'd sometimes before,

His worship shall play fast and loose no more.

*Exeunt omnes.*

### *Scena Octava.*

*Enter Chrysolina, Marionetta, as in their Chamber.*

*Chryf.* I Profess ingenuously, Sister, I am ashamed of it.

*Mar.* And I likewise; for people give easily credit to any report now a dayes.

*Mar.* Let's rather be uncivil as admit them next time, Sister: I love no such company, I'll assure you.

*Enter Signior Pantaloni.*

*Pant.* Ladies, I am come to wait upon you again—— according to my duty——as in duty I am bound to undertake.

*Chryf.* Sir, you are very welcome, I hope your mother is well.

*Pant.* Yes, so sooth, Madam, how does your self?

*Chryf.* In very good health, Sir, I thank you.

*Pant.* I am very glad——But, hark you, Madam—— one word in private with you—— *to Mar.* This by your leave *Mistress.* *leads her aside.*

Hark you me now——my mother and I were sitting by the fire-side last night, as it is our custom, you know, in the winter-nights after supper; and——I do not know what we were talking of: but, amongst the rest I remember, if I have not forgot,—— that she said——she said, says she——Now——whether this be

## The Discovery.

29

be true or not, I cannot tell ; you know best your self : but, I am sure she said it.

*Chryf.* What, pray Sir ?

*Pant.* Now — I vow — if it were true, I would be as glad of it, as ever I was of my break fast in a cold day : — for, I protest ingenuously, I am sure you know, I love to be serious.

*Chryf.* Pray what's the matter, Sir ?

*Pant.* Why — I vow I know you would blush now, else I would tell you it.

*Chryf.* I beseech you resolve me, Sir.

*Pant.* I vow, I can hardly do it now, I am so stupefied — with the rarity of the object of your person. } *kisses her hand.*

*Chryf.* I can have no longer patience —

*Pan.* — Nay, hold — here's it now — I hope you will not tell it again ; for it was told me as a great secret — why says she — but, as I told you, I know not surely if it be true or not : but, shall I tell you what I answered — Marry, Lady mother, says I — I fear you are but scorning me.

*Chryf.* But, what was it that she said, Sir ?

*Pant.* Why — I vow — she — even said — that — you loved me — and O but I was blyth —

*Chryf.* Hum — and is that all ? keep such a long discourse for nothing.

*Pant.* O ! — I hope you are not angry.

*Chryf.* No, no, Sir.

*Mar.* Why — you might have said all that in three words, Sir.

*Pant.* Nay — but prethee tell me if it be true : for, if it be not, I shall win two Ryals from my mother : for, she and I laid a wager upon it, and I am come here for nothing else but to be resolved of it.

*Mar.* Well — then, you have win, Sir.

*Pant.* Nay — do not mock me now ; I profess, I had rather lose a dozen of Ryals before she should not love me : for, I am sure — as sure as this glove is upon my hand — I love her.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Madam, dinner is ready.

*Chryf.* We come. *Signior,* will you dine with us, and — afterwards we shall talk of that at more leisure.

*Pant,*



*Pant.* With all my heart, fair Ladyes, If you please, I will sup with you, and lye with you too—I love your company so well.

*Exeunt omnes.*

### *Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.*

*Arabella sola appears sitting at a table  
as in her Chamber, &c.*

*Ar.* **L** Oaden with cares : o'whelmed with misfortunes!  
Can female shoulders bear my heavie crosses—  
I left my native country of *Siena*.  
To find out *Marciano* here at *Florence*:  
Now have I found him : but O I how, God knows,  
And I too well percieve :—unhumane fates,  
Whether, ah ! whether will you hurrie me ?  
No end to your severity :—Ay me !  
What have I done ? pray let me know my crime :  
As yet I plead strong innocence : unlesse  
It be a crime to love : pray show my faults,  
Or else suspend my paines—  
Now (which is sad) I can scarce have repose  
For sighs and cares : and when I once awake,  
*Borasco*, therein my true *Jaylor*, waits me,  
With fresh sollicitations :—thus my heart  
Is rent in peeces ; th'one half sorrow claimes,  
The other love — Ay me ! what shall I do ?

*weeps*

*Enter Strenuo*

*Str.* Shee's discontent already : but those newes  
I bring, will make her sadder : I dare scarce  
Declare them, least she swoon—Madam.

*Ar.* Welcome, dear *Strenuo*, pray how does thy Lord ?

*Str.* Well, Madam,—but e're long, if fates prevent not—

*Ar.* How—that again,—me thinks, thou looks not chearfull  
As thou were wont,—how does my Lord, I say ?

*Str.*

## The Discovery.

31.

*Str.* (If I dare tell you) he's condemn'd to dye.

*Ar.* — To dye ! — Ay me — be mercifull, and kill me  
Good *Strenuo*, honest friend — prethee dispatch —

*Str.* Stay Madam, you are mad —

*Ar.* — Condemn'd to dye —

O how my heart strings, by that pin of grief,  
As by an unexpert musicians hand,  
Who strives to raise his Lute to highest notes,  
Tun'd up above the nick begin to crack.

*Str.* Forbear, fair, Lady, 'tis no time to weep,  
Now wee must do ; now wee must muster all  
Our wits to plot his escape —

*Ar.* As how — Alas fond *Strenuo* : — escape !  
Dream not on that, rather invent some meanes,  
How wee may dye together, like true lovers.

*Str.* Madam, you wrong your self, I'll undertake.  
By your assistance, to effect my purpose.

*Ar.* By my assistance, prethee doubt not that,  
What will I not do, if I can, to save him ?

*Str.* Then, Madam, here is *aqua fortis* for you.  
Look — this will do it, Lady, this applyed  
To th'iron grate o'th window, will consume it  
In a short space ; then in the silent night  
By help of a small rope he may escape.

*Ar.* 'Tis well, but all depends on th'*aqua fortis*,  
I cannot safely carry it to his chamber ;  
That *Cerberus*, that ugly cat-e'yd *Taylor*  
Will sure discover me —

*Str.* Nay, as for him,  
I'll keep the villain tipling all the while  
He never shall suspect you ; I've provided  
A souldiers habit for my Lord, in which garb  
The devill himself shall never smell him out.  
I'll so disguise him : — go good Madam, go  
Tender my love to him, and presse him by  
All meanes to use it quickly I'll wait on him



At th' hour appointed ———

*Ar.* I go, pray heavens, it may succeed.

*Str.* Fear not.

*Exeunt severally.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Cassio and Leonardo.*

*Cass.* SO——you intend thither again, *Leonardo*, you were highly entertained, Boy.

*Leon.* And I believe, *Cassio*, you had but small encouragment.

*Cass.* Small encouragment indeed; but you must know, love is never in it's height, so long as limitate within the sphere of reason: I love her so much the more that she appears unreasonable, as you call it.

*Leon.* But, aside, here comes *Don Quixot* } *Enter Becabunga and*  
and *Sancho Pancho.* } *Pantaloni discoursing.*

*Cass.* 'Slid, let's accost them.

*Leon.* No, let's first observe their behaviour.

*Pant.* Say you so: O! I long furiously to travel.

*Bec.* I mar'le you delay so long.

*Pant.* Why, I vow my trunk hath been twice a ship-board for *Marseilles*, and my self at *Ligorn*, but, I vow my mother weep'd so, that I could not find in my heart to leave her.

*Bec.* And it may be the Lady *Chrysolina* would not permit you.

*Pant.* O——no; I know she would wait upon me some half year, or so yet while I saw *France* and came back again; although I vow, shee's a pretty, pretty, pretty Gent'woman, as I know betwixt me and her.

*Bec.* You will have her yet, I warrand you.

*Pant.* I hope so; for I am sure she loves me, or else I have no skill.

*Bec.* Does she so, and that is some encouragment though.

*Cass.* Prethee let's interrupt them, enough of such discourse in all conscience.

*Leon.* Yes, now we will accost them —— Gentlemen, the  
general

# The Discovery.

33

general character of you in this City, hath rendred us ambitious of your acquaintance.

*Cass.* Signior *Becabunga*, you are most auspiciously returned to the City.

*Bec.* Your humble servant, Sir; your extollation of me is undeserved.

*Leon.* Sir, I do but what all ingenuous persons } *Leon. to Pant.*  
should do, no question you are conscious of your } *Cass. takes B. c.*  
own merits. } *aside.*

*Pant.* Sir, the faculty of my expression — is not capable to entertain — as I may say — or express the motion of my affection, to uphold — as I may say, acquaintance, familiarity with you — I hope you understand me, Sir.

*Leon.* Yes, and admires your wit too, Sir.

*Pant.* Sir, I am your very humble servant; I hope I need not back it with an oath; *nam, nemo tenetur* (you know) *jurare in suum detrimentum.*

*Cass.* Good, and what said they?

*Bec.* Why, they said you were a couple of idle youths.

*Leon.* How! — *Cass.* Prethee let me hear out this discourse.

*Pant.* — Ho, ho, very true, I protest I think they wrong'd you: for, for my own part, as I am Gentleman, I think you are very civil, although I say it in your face.

*Cass.* Good, and no more prethee?

*Bec.* Nay, now I have not leisure, *Manduco* will be seeking me through all the Town; O he will chide me, if he find me not.

*Cass.* Hang him a Loggar-head.

*Bec.* A Loggar-head, I would not for never so much he heard you say that; he thinks himself no small man I'll assure you.

Adieu, Sir — *Pantalon*, will you go? *Exit, Bec.*

*Pant.* Annon, Sir — Gentlemen, I shall be very willing and desirous that we may entertain our present conversation willingly: and, for my part, *I have the honour* to drink one cup of wine with you. I will wait upon you at any time or place convenient, if there be no lawfull impediment why these parties may not be joyn'd — Oh, I crave you pardon, Gentlemen, — *Lapsus lingua non est argumentum.* Farewell. *Exit.*

F

*Leon.*



*Leon.* Now, go thy wayes, *Signior Pantaloni*, thou art this day as compleat a gull as lives in *Florence*, without disparagement of any Gentleman whatsoever.

*Cass.* He hath discovered all to me, *Leonardo*, I never read of such humourous Ladies.

*Leon.* And they will be so alwayes, while we can render them gulls despicable in their sight.

*Cass.* Let's think then how to affront them.

*Leon.* I'll rack my invention, but I will set them by the ears together.

*Cass.* That were good, if you can do it handsomly.

*Leon.* I'll do my best; come——let's go consult upon it.

*Exeunt.*

### *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Marciano, Arabella.*

*Marc.* **P**erswade me not, I cannot but abhor  
Such a preposterous attempt——

*Ar.* My Lord——

*Marc.* Dear soul of sweetness, do not torture me  
With fruitless plots——within four dayes I die——  
Should I escape and leave you prisoner——

—— Think, think on that——

*Ar.* You may escape, my Lord;  
I have brought hither t'you, some *aqua fortis*  
Which your friend *Strenuo* gave me this morning;  
You may apply it to the grate o'th'window——

*Marc.* And what then——

*Ar.* Your friend assures me 'hath a Souldiers habit  
In readiness for you. This same *aqua fortis*  
Will do the business——quick, apply it quickly——  
Look to your self, now it grows late, my Lord.

*Marc.* May I trust this——

*Ar.* You may, indeed, 'tis true.

Now

## The Discovery.

35

Now, now, or never, you must soon apply it——  
This night you may as easily escape.

*Marc.* I'll try this trick for once——

*Ar.* Fear not the Jaylor ; he is fox'd already,  
So *Strenuo* did assure me——

Apply it then, and if you don't escape——

*Marc.* I'll undertake it then——leave this with me,  
I'll go about it presently——mean time,  
I'll cause put all in order——you must return  
Within an hour hence :——and cause *Strenuo*  
Be ready at the window——

*Ar.* Fear not that.

*Marc.* Farewell then.

*Ar.* May my choicest prayers assist you.

*Exit Marciano.*

*Arabella sola.*

And if this fail, what can a womans wit  
Invent, that will succeed ?——Alas, I fear,  
Still, still, I fear, while he be safely hence.  
I have us'd all means, nothing left untry'd  
For his enlargement ; yet cou'd not prevail.  
—— O love ! ——who can define thee——hopes and cares,  
In constant ballance ; hov'ring up and down——  
Here's a poor heart, within this troubled breast ;  
That like a malefactor at the bar,  
Trembles at this design :——O powerfull love——  
What hast thou not perswaded me to do——

*Sings behind the arras.*

——But heark, a song, I will give ear to it,  
I know *Bora/co* hath ordain'd it for me——

*Song.*

1.

*So, so,*

*Lo Lillies fade, before the Roses show  
Themselves in bow-dye, summers-livery.*

*Feasting the curious eye,  
With choyce variety,*

*F 2*

*While*



*Marciano; or,*

*While as before  
We did adore*

*Narcissus in his prime.  
Now Roses do delyte  
The nycer appetite:  
Such is the vast disparity of time.*

2.

*So, so,  
One woman fades, before another know  
What 'tis to be in love; but in a trice  
All men do sacrifice  
To th' latter, and despise  
Her, whom before  
They did adore  
Like Lillies in their prime,  
Since now her sparkling eyes  
Are darkned in disguise:  
Such is the sad disparity of time.*

*Ar. A proper simile — now I see in what  
Article his pulse beats: — no Syren shall  
Bewitch my soul to love: — O Marciano,  
How I lament thy fate: heavens lend me tears,  
Since by my prodigal expence of sorrow,  
I'm become banquerout: or else I beg  
A period to my dayes: since certainly,  
Life without love, is but calamity.*

*Exit weeping.**Scena Septima.**Enter Manduco, Marionetta.*

*Mar. CAN he not speak for himself, Sir? he must court by  
his embassadours, forsooth.*

*Man. The reason is, in promptu, Madam; for the youth is  
endued with pudicity: he cannot be his own buccinator, or Trum-  
peter*

# The-Discovery.

17

petter of his own fame; but he bid me assure you that he did vehemently, *imo toto corde* affect you. And so it may appear by his own manuscripts; as, *exempli gratia*, read the 2, page, 20th line of that luculent Epistle of his to you, dated, 1. *Cal. Martii*. You will find that a man cannot expresse himself more lovingly: he calls you, *enim*, the *prototype* of all beauty, the *Archetype* of modesty, the source from whence all other rivolets of chastity descend, *Scaturiat, &c.* Is not that *amantissimum*?

Mar. No, 'tis not enough Sir.

Man. No — why he told me, that you would not permit *osculation*, and what else can he do when he is in privat with you, for I taught him not to be loquacious —

Chryf. Be merry, Sister, you are happy, you } *Enter Chrysolite*  
are a Lady, Sister — } *na b-stily*

Man. A Lady! — *quid sibi vult*, to whom is she desponsat, Madam?

Chryf. The businesse is now at a close, Sister, *Cassio* may go to his travells now, he dare trouble you no more, Sister.

Mar. What d'you mean? shall I be married, and not know to whom?

Man. Yes, *Sicuti nunc mos est*, you may be collocate } *Aside.*  
in nuptialls, before you know *cui, quando, & quomodo. ia* }  
*est*, to whom, how, or when.

Chryf. Don't you know, Sister, *Signior Becabungo*?

Mar. Is he the man? Chryf. Who else d'you think?

Man. Ho now *omnia recte* again — Lady, I congratulate the immense, ineffable felicity and secundity of your sagacious election —

Chryf. Hath not he been wooing you all this while? who else should be your husband but he, pray? Man. Hum —

Mar. Well I am content. Man. *Recte* —

Chryf. Content, — marry I should willingly change conditions with you. Man. *Bene habet.*

Chryf. He is a good match, I'll assure you.

Man. I can add a jurament to that.

Chryf. Mr. *Manduco*, she owes much to you for it.

Man. To me, Madam: O I am obligate to your ingenuity.

Chryf.



*Chryf.* She does indeed, Sir : — Come, Sister, let's in, and devise what rare fancies wee must have against the wedding, wee'll send to the Mercers presently, and have the best Sattins, taffaras, ribbons and such other toyes, that can be had for money, come, come, — Farwell good Sir — honest friend *Manduco*, farwell.

*Mar.* Well, he may be a good husband yet for all that —

*Manduco solus*

*Exeunt.*

Friend *Manduco*, saith she, *notatu dignum*: now am I their friend, their amicall relation: so, this matrimony is, I may say, now almost, very nigh, altogether consummate: for which I expect a large honorary from both parties: O the pregnant wit of an intelligent Scholastick! now if I can effectuat the like for *Signior Pantaloni*, I shall have likewise *aliquid amplius*: so that I must at length provide for a matrimoniall relation to my self: for, although, I be *quinquagenarius*, or fifty years of age, yet what *Vugio* in *Florence* will respuat me when I abound in riches, and shall be — *Dives agris, dives, positis in faenore nummis.*

*Exit.*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Pantaloni with Chrysolina.*

*Pant.* **N**OW, Madam, since I have got you all } *Embraces*  
alone, I protest, I must make a little bold } *her.*  
with you — *Chryf.* How Sir!

*Pant.* In civility only, I mean in civility, Madam, for I would only ask you one question, and that's not two, *videlicet*, whether or no, that is, when we may be joyn'd in the lawfull band of matrimony, betwixt these parties following, to wit. for you see *Becabunga* has not been long a doing, he has taken your Sister to be his lawfull spouse already, I hear, although he has been but a fortnight a wooing of her, and yet I have been woing you one time with another these three moneths, I wot well, and I am sure that you love me — *Chryf.* Are you sure, Sir?

*Pant,*

## The Discovery.

39

*Pant.* Yes indeed, and I think there is as much reason for the one as for the other: and to be free with you, a my conscience I might have had a bony Gentlewoman (just such another as your self) with twelve thousand Duckats in portion, a moneth since, had it not been for you: consider, pray you, what you promised to my mother last night.

*Chryf.* You will allow me a time to consult with my self, Sir, will you not? —

*Pant.* That's a strange consulting! what have you been doing ever since I see you first? I am sure you have had time enough to consult all this while: and I'll tell you now, when your friends and mine have agreed, there's no time to consult, but presently to be *matrimonyed*; you know that as well as I now.

*Chryf.* You will do well to press me no further at this time, Sir.

*Pant.* I'll let you alone for once then; but, the next time I shall come to see you, you must not consult any: for, to tell you truly, as I heard my mother say, you may be glad of me for your husband — *Chryf.* Pray, no more, Sir.

*Pant.* And then, when I have spent so much money in wooing you, you will yet go, may be, and marry another. Hy for shame.

*Chryf.* I shall not marry while I give you an answer, Sir.

*Pant.* I, but as my mother sayes, it is good to be sure, if any other man should beat me out of my stirrups now: I would come to a peel'd egg, would not I? *Chryf.* No more of that, Sir.

*Pant.* I'll refer my self to your own discretion then—but, O!—I had almost forgot, I vow, that's very well remembred; was not I mounted on *Peg-a-sus* last night? (now this *Peg-a-sus* is the muses horse, he has wings and flies, God bless us) and what think you I have done? marry you shall hear what rare Verses I have made. O! Madam, are you there? you are } *Enter Mar.*  
come in very good time; I was just a going to read }  
my Verses, but you shall hear an Anagram first — } *Takes out his*  
It is a pretty thing, Madam; you can read and } *Verses, &c.*  
write I warrand you; see you there your own name — } *reads.*

You see, —

*Chrysolina (Anagram)*  
*You're even like a cherry.*



I'll be judg'd if that be not pretty now : for, d'you see, I have only borrow'd some four letters, or so, out of, Madam, your Sisters name, here, because she is a nigh relation and may spare them ; and I have add'd two (I think) out of the *quickness of my self*.

*Chryf.* Excellent indeed, Sir. *Mar.* Good, upon my word.

*Pant.* I, but you have not seen all yet ; here are brave Verses upon your name, *Madam Chrysolina*.

*Chryf.* An *acrostick*, Sir.

*Pant.* I, I, an *accurstick*, the same. And thus it is — take notice now. ? reads.

*Canst thou not see, Pantaloni,*

*there's the C. now.*

*How thy Mistress is so bony ?*

Now I am speaking to my self, as't were.

*Revera, she is even such,*

*You cannot match her, and that's much.*

Now there is *C. H. R. Y.* that is *Chry*.

*She is handsom, neat and fine,*

*O, now if she were but thine.*

There's *S. O.* now that's *Chryso* : now I am speaking to my self you must understand all this while.

*Live then in hopes, and know it is constantly thy duty,*

*Is alwayes, everlastingly, to extoll and upbraid her beauty.*

But, now take heed, here comes the tongue of the trump —

*Narcissus, Roses, and every flower,*

*All must yield to her fair, rare, bright, sparkling colour.*

That's *Chry-so-li-na* : Now, is not that right now ? say any of you, if you dare, if these Verses be not as good as any you have seen.

*Chryf. Mar.* They are extream good, Sir.

*Enter Boy, rounds Pant. in the ear.*

*Pant.* So, so, tell him I come : — Ladies, I must leave you, but I will not go home yet : *Becabunga* hath sent for me to a collation ; we'll drink both your healths e're we go to bed yet, and to morrow I shall see you e're you can get on your petticoats, *Madam Chrysolina* : for, I must be more familiar with you, since I have got such a good commodity of frequenting you — I shall show my mother all that has past betwixt us, *Madam* ; So farewell.

*Exit.*

*Mar*

*Mar.* How d'you like him, Sister?

*Chryf.* As formerly, I find him a very discreet Gentleman.

*Mar.* I would you had him for your husband.

*Chryf.* I should wish that same, *in a fair way*, Sister.

*Mar.* Considering especially, 'tis best to marry while you are now in your prime.

*Chryf.* Right——for old maids are meer dogs-meat, they spoil the trade of wooing——Go by——go by. *Exeunt.*

*Scena Sexta.*

*Enter Marciano, Borasco.*

*Bor.* **T**is true, my Lord; yet, I don't much approve  
Your Dukes severe proceedings: *Florence* will not  
Endure the lash of Monarchy, like *France*  
Or *Spain*: ——No, they must be their own carvers.  
——I hope the Lord *Barbaro*, who is now  
President of the Senate; will reform  
Many of our abuses —— *Marc.* Well, you will  
Come all to taste of your own vintage yet;  
So I believe: for, never yet, rebellion  
Escap'd unpunished: ——But, you remember  
You promis'd that the Lady *Arabella*  
Might see me ere I dye. *Bor.* She shall, my Lord;  
——So——by this hand, a plot, *(in going off.*  
A very plot: he is my Rival sure——  
But shortly, *Signior*, you shall carry your head  
Upon a Scaffold; and then, who dares  
Claim her, besides my self. *Exit Bor.*

*Marciano solus.*

When men begin to quarrel with their Prince,  
No wonder if they crush their fellow Subjects.  
We are eye-sores to th' State: their black designs  
Are cross'd by us; and therefore we march off.——

*Enter Arabella weeping.*

G

*Marc.*



*Marc.* Am I not yet sufficiently plagued  
With crosses : but you must add one, which is  
Heaviest of all, — why weeping — prethee cease  
To vex thy self : I am all resolution,  
And long to show my courage : since my stars  
Have ordain'd my departure : rest contented.

*Ar.* Alas — and is my plot thus come to nought —

*Marc.* Peace, prethee, for although I am not able  
To pay what your perfections claim, yet sure  
All generous souls (*my true executors*)  
Shall pay my debt, fair Nymph.

(*embraces her.*)

*Ar.* My Lord, your death can be no more courageously  
Endur'd by you, then deplor'd by me —

*Marc.* Tush, as for death, I fear the varlet not,  
I've often stare'd him out of countenance :  
I have considered, that love to my Prince,  
Should over-sway all others : have chosen  
Rather t'endure one stroke, and dye, then live,  
And undergo the censure (of all crimes,  
The most detestable) *Disloyalty*.

*Ar.* Ay me ! incensed heavens, can nothing else,  
Appease your wrath but such an offering ?  
O, cannot I, (*speak*) I, although a woman,  
Supply his place : I'll be an *Amazon*,  
Expose my naked breast to steel, and show  
All women are not fetter'd to the distaff.

*Marc.* Be not so cruel : all good things forbid,  
The world should see such a fair soul expire,  
And not dissolve it self : thou cannot dye,  
(Although thou wouldst) and *Marciano* live,

No, no more then a watch can move, if once  
The cord be broke ; can I live after thee.

*Ar.* Alas, Alas, unheard of tyranny !  
Unjust, even in injustice : thus to be  
So cruell, as to murder him, and yet  
Spare me ; as much as if I should become  
My own soul murderer ; villains, how unjust !

But

## The Discovery.

43

—But here's my passing bell. (*A bell rings within.*)

I must away—farewell— Oh, oh, my heart,  
My heart dissolves, my Lord, I must away.

*Marc.* Away—farewell bright love---- (*embraces.*)

*Ar.* Farewell, my Lord----

*Marc.* Farewell----now all good things preserve thee here,  
The gods hereafter : *thus*----and *thus* I leave (*kisses, &c.*)

My heart in legacy : ----*thus*, I take my last  
Morsel of pleasure : never shall my lips  
Kiss any thing hereafter, save the block. ----

*Ar.* So, *thus*----and *thus*, I willingly resign  
All, what is yours, *this heart* : and so farewell.  
Farewell for ever----oh-----Farewell, my Lord.

*Exit*

*Marciano solus.*

—So, down goes dust and ashes, powers and honours,  
Riches and joyes, the smoak of our desires,  
With all we can call ours : our youth, our strength,  
Fly like the fullen clouds, when *Boreas* swells  
Their entrails with his breath : we, suddenly,  
Like wilde fire, disappear, and streight another  
Steps in our place ; and so we are no more----

—Then heart, as thou hast still afford me courage,  
Inspire me now, that I may valiantly  
Act the last part of this my Tragedy.

*Exit*

## *Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.*

*Enter Manduco solus, drunk.*

**W**Here is this same unhappy Boy ? this *Signior Becabunga*  
I have been making investigation, scrutination, explorati  
on, and speculation for him this hour, and yet I cannot find this *in*  
*dividuum vagum*, as I may say—so, what are (*Enter Cass. Leon*)  
you, *boni viri*, I know, you have hurried this Gentleman for whom  
I search to some compotation, or else *ad lupanar* ; yea, I am sure o



—how sad it is to see young men, even, *impueres adolescentes*, indulge venery, and ebriety so much, & *quid Venus ebria curat?* is a friend of mine says.

Cass. The fellow's drunk, sure—

Man. — Drunk! O *pervicacem hominis indolem!* accusing me of ebriety, when I am, even *in sana mente constitutus*, contribute in sanity of mind: 'tis true, indeed, I have been drinking; but it was with some of my brethren, *imo fratres fraterrimi*.

Leon. What were they?

Man. Why, there was *Light-body*, *Lauie*, *Latie*, *Cheisly* *quoq;* *Broune*, *Bowiq;* *Hi enim sunt Tuscanii gloria summa soli*: besides our *hospes*, what d'you call him, *Architavernarius*, or Arch-taverner, who is one of the commissioners for administration of — *drink* — to the people of *Tuscania*.

Cass. Don't you enquire for *Signior Becabunga*, Sir.

Man. Yes, the very same, where is he? *ubinam est?*

Cass. You will find him at the *Verona tavern*, hard by, with some of his comrades.

Man. Say you so, I will go find him then, *profecto* I think I could scarce abstaine from vapulating him for this his contumacy.

Exit.

Cass. Now *Leonardo*, 'tis time we were stirring, if we do not, this match will go on.

Leon. Nay, I'll do any thing for thee, e're thou lose her, *Cassio*,

Cass. Come then; I have almost gull'd *Pantalon* into a belief, that *Becabunga* wrongs him, for which he swears he will be revenged: now, if you can do the same with the other, our design may succeed yet.

Leon. Well, go you about your business then, fear not me.

Exit.

^Cass. Now, wit and art assist us both, I'll search my gamester and accomplish the trick.

Exit.

Scena

Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Arabella, with the Jaylor.*

*Jayl.* **M** Adam, I will conduct you to him once again, but you must be very secret, for I hazard my life and reputation, if my Lord *Borasco* have intelligence of this, for he gave me strict command this morning, that I should admit none to him but his confessor.

*Ar.* I shall be very secret, I warrant you.

*Jayl.* Come then, soft Madam, soft. } *Exeunt, she enters*

*Ar.* For heavens sake good my Lord, } *again with Marciano.*

Vpon my knees I beg it——

*Marc.* This is impossible; I cannot do it;  
Prove not a sweet Remora any more,  
I'me now resolv'd: look to thy self, fair gemme.

*Ar.* Cannot the tears of innocence prevaile.  
Where is your courage now? what? are you cool?  
Is all that noble blood, that formerly  
Run in your veines exhausted? must a woman  
Become your Trumpeter, and stir your spirits  
Since 'tis but death at all hands——*Marc.* Prethee hold,  
I would most willingly (as what man will doubt)  
Procure my liberty by what ever meanes  
But——O here lyes my fear, thou, thou bright love,  
May come to suffer by it——*Ar.* Ah my Lord.  
Consider pray' that I have liberty  
To go abroad at pleasure: I have gain'd  
The Lord *Borasco's* favour: he will grant me  
That which some dare not ask, nay must not think on.  
I'll follow you without the least suspicion.  
Consider that——*Sirenno* hath promised  
To entertaine the *Jaylor* in his cups,  
While you be safely escap'd. *Marc.* I'll hazard then:  
Bright angel of my fancy, see you follow

Immediatly



Immediately, for ere you should endure  
The rebels censure, I would rather forfeit  
A thousand lives. *Ar.* Doubt not of that, my Lord.

*Marc.* Then once for all — O my good stars direct me.

*Ar.* Farewell, my Lord, goodnesse protect you still } *Embraces.*

*Marc.* Farewell pure quintessence of my affection }  
Farewell, pray heavens grant us a joyfull meeting. } *Exit*

*Ar.* Now, now at length, I hope he shall escape ;  
O supreme powers, assist him now, or never,  
And ease my soul of its long burning fever. *Exit.*

### *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Cassio, Pantaloni.*

*Cass.* Sir, (as your friend, I speak it) *Leonardo* and he have  
joyn'd their wits together to affront you ; and you will  
not beleeve what impression their false suggestions of you have  
taken upon the Lady *Chrysolina*.

*Pant.* I ! So I thought, when she told me last day that she  
would consult forsooth : A pox take all your consulting tricks,  
say I, for I never knew any good come of womens consultations  
yet.

*Cass.* Right Sir, you might easily smell *Leonardo's* plot in that  
same word, for he intends that *Becabunga* shall have *Marionetta*,  
and he himself *Chrysolina* : for which *Becabunga* does sollicite  
your Mistris all this while : if you look not to your self quickly  
you are undone, Sir.

*Pant.* I, so I guessed alwayes, for, d'you see, some women,  
are the most humourous little creatures, a man shall not know  
when he is in their favour, and when not : but as for *Beca-*  
*bunga* — I'll say no more at this time : but I vow I'll cudgell  
him to death so soon as I can see him.

*Cass.* And please but command me, you shall not want my as-  
sistance, I'll assure you.

*Pant.* No Sir, I shall not need your help to beat such a puppet  
as

as he is: what would you think to write a challenge to him, Sir?

*Cass.* So you know, I advis'd you at first, when I sent for you to the *Taberna del. Reina*, while you beleev'd that *Becabunga* had sent for you.

*Pant.* Hang him, I will hear no more of him: I will write a challenge to him presently.

*Cass.* And if you'll please to take my advice in penning on't, I will so terrifie him.

*Pant.* With all my heart, Sir, for I would have it such language as might make him hang himself for fear: and for *Leonardo*, after I have discusst *Becabunga* then have at him.

*Cass.* If you please to employ me to carry it to him?

*Pant.* Yes Sir, you shall go along with me, and help me to write it, for the truth is I am not much us'd with such challenges, and my mother bid me allwayes have a care of quarrelling, but an she were burn'd I'll fight with that rascall, who has affronted me so.

*Cass.* A most generous resolution. *Pant.* Come with me Sir.

*Cass.* Now, *Leonardo*, play thy game, or never. *Aside.*

*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Marciano solus, disguis'd as having escap'd*

— **T**Hanks to my stars! as yet unknown  
I have cheat all the sentinells; and now  
I suck free aire again: — you powers above  
Direct my suddain course: and save my love. *Exit quietly*

*Within. Jaylor.* Ho, wher's the pisse-pot there.

*Sir.* Sirrah drawer, 'tother quart of sack, you raggamuffin you.

*Courtain drawn appear Sir. and the Jaylor,  
drinking.*

*Jayl.* You shall do me reason Signior *Strenuo*: — 'tis my noble  
Generals



Generals health, *Signior Strenuo*—Ho, where's the piss-pot there?—you shall drink it, *Signior*—

*Str.* Come then, we'll drink his good health, although he has but two dayes to live. *(drinks.)*

*Jayl.* No matter for that, I love to be courteous to the last breath, *Signior*; come, give me the cup: Sack, good *(drinks.)* Sack, *Signior*—O brave Sack; come, let's have *(drinks again.)* a catch, *Signior*.

*Str.* Come then—*Here's a health to the pretty little thing,  
With the bony, bony radiant eyes,  
And the bony, bony, plump, round thighs;  
Let us sing—let us sing—* *(drinks.)*

*Jayl.* Let us sing, let us sing—O brave *Strenuo*, here's a cup to thee for thy catch. *(drinks.)*

*Enter a Servant, beckens to Str. Str. approaches to him.*

*Ser.* He is escap'd. *Str.* 'Tis good, no more, silence I command you.

*Ser.* He waits for you. *Str.* Plague on you, no more I say.

*Ser.* My Lord is escap'd I say.

*Str.* Pox take you, hold your peace, or you'll spoil all I say.

*Jayl.* Come young-man, how does my noble General? you are his servant, I know—here's to him, a brimmer of Sack. *(drinks.)*

*Str.* Drink and be gone, you cocks-comb you—

*Jayl.* You shall pledge me neighbour. *Ser.* I shall, Sir. *(drinks.)*

*Str.* My Lord has ordained me to present his love and respects to all friends at my return to *Siena*—get you gone whoreson, get you gone, or you'll spoil all. *Exit Ser.*

*Jayl.* Well, he's a noble Gentleman, *Signior*, although I dare not say it: but, no more of him, this cup is yours, *Signior*, we'll have t'other fliggon of Sack e're we part; for I love to be merry as well as courteous, especially amongst strangers, *Signior*—Ho, drawer, Sirrah, Loggar-head, the piss-pot, *(Curtain drawes.)* Bastard, shall a man spoil his breeches, you son of a whore you.

*Enter Strenuo quietly with the Servant.*

*Str.* You puppet you, could not you hold your peace when I bid you—come, where is my Lord?

*Ser.*

## The Discovery.

49

*Ser.* At the *Colonna* in the *Strada del Popolo*, there he lurks quietly while you come to him.

*Str.* Let the rogue the Jaylor slip then, and we'll bid adieu to *Florence*; come, come quickly. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter Arabella sola, traverse quietly.*

— **S**O, now he's gone: O! how my heart does leap,  
My pulse begins to move, since now I know  
He's past the rebels reach, before this time.  
All's well: this day, by order of the Senate,  
Am I to be enlarg'd: had *Marciano*,  
Whose understanding soul, div'd in the deepest  
Gulfs of suspicion, even but conjectur'd,  
How e're they could accuse me for his flight.  
Had rather died, e're he had condescended  
To any such attempt—but now he's safe,  
I'll follow close my self: So hope assist me.

*Exit.*

*A noise within of many voices, crying confusedly,  
Souldiers searching for Marciano.*

*Enter Jaylor, weeping and railing.*

*Jayl.* A pox on all your *Siennesis* tricks, say I, plague on that villain *Strenuo*: my noble General's gone, fled, gone: what shall I do? How the devil came I to be gull'd by that same *Strenuo*? The last night while he and I were deep in our cups, my noble General breaks the prison and escapes. O! plague on his crazy cocks-comb, I could have trusted him as soon as any in *Florence*, and yet he hath played me such a trick as may bring } *within*, Jaylor  
me to a ropes end yet— } Jaylor, &c.

Harke—my Lord *Borasco* searching me, I shall be hang'd without doom or sentence—

*Enter Borasco with Souldiers.*

*Bor.* Where is this villain? *Jayl.* Here am I my Lord.

*Bor.* You ugly scarabe, what do you deserve?

H

*Sirrah*



Sirrah, you shall be hang'd. *Jayl.* Alas ! my Lord,  
I was deceived, grossly cheated, gull'd,  
Fox'd and what not, by *Signior Strenuo* ;  
A plague on him, may I say — *Bor.* Peace, you wretch,  
My Lord *Barbaro* will cause punish you  
For your neglect, For he had ne're escap'd  
Had he not bryb'd you — *Jayl.* I never see his coyn.

*Bor.* Good gods ! this day was he to be beheaded,  
Now none knows where he is — this *Siennois* Lady  
Will be examin'd : for she seem'd to carry  
A great respect to him : and ( this I know )  
The Senate will suspect her accessory,  
No doubt : So she shall be condemn'd to die :  
But I'll prevent their severe resolutions  
By all means possible — Come, you Scoundrel, come  
You may be hang'd yet, Sirrah, e're all be done.

(*aside.*)

*Jayl.* O ! no more of that word *hanging*, my neck itches already.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Sexta.

*Enter Leonardo, Becabunga.*

*Leon.* CAN you desire any more ? look you, Sir, a direct challenge.  
*Bec.* I know not what belongs to your challenges ;  
but I am sure, as you say, he has affronted me.

*Leon.* Sir, the very words of this challenge would encourage  
one ; considering especially, that he is the basest coward that ever  
breath'd for all this. *Bec.* Think you so ?

*Leon.* Yes indeed, Sir, I warrand you he dare never appear in  
field against you : he is but a bragging fellow.

*Bec.* Nay, if I thought he would not appear, I might say some-  
thing. *Leon.* Trust me, Sir, he dares not.

*Bec.* I, but d'you hear, Sir, if we can be handsomly reconciled,  
what needs fighting ?

*Leon.* Fy, Sir, you cannot honourably refuse, when he has writ  
a challenge to you. *Bec.*

*Bec.* Not, Sir, why cannot I write another to him, and call him a coward, a rascal, a slave, a villain, and what not, and still preserve my honour, as you call it?

*Leon.* Alas I good Sir, there's no time now to talk, now you must fight, and I will assist you.

*Bec.* I, if you will hold him to me while I beat him, there may be something on't too.

*Leon.* Doubt not, Sir; but, as I told you, he dares not appear, you have no more to do, but come arm'd to the fields, and if you find him not, brandish your Rapier in the air thrice, proclaim him a coward, and so return.

*Bec.* With my honour, Sir?

*Leon.* Yes, Sir, with your honour entire.

*Bec.* Well, I see I must fight; but if he doth not appear now, I shall be in a brave condition: for, then I will swear, rant and domineer, by my word of honour, as my fathers foot-groom does. But will he not come, think you? } *aside.*

*Leon.* My life for't, he dares not appear; courage, we will out-dare both him and *Cassio*.

*Bec.* Well, but when all's done, Sir, betwixt you and me, were I at home in the Country again, all your honour, and honour above honour, should not cause me fight: for, *Pantalone* has learn'd to fence, Sir, and I know not what belongs to fencing, nor I.

*Leon.* Tush, fear not him, I tell you, he dares not appear, and if he does, I'll fight him my self.

*Bec.* Will you do so, Sir, and I will be your *tres humble serviteur Monsieur*: for, d'you see, Sir, I am to be married shortly, now if I should chance to be kill'd, (as who knowes but I may) you know then, Sir, I cannot be marryed; why? because I shall be dead, that's a good reason, Sir.

*Leon.* Plague on him for a coward, how he talks; I shall have more ado to allure him to this duel, then a crack'd Courtier has to perswade an Usurer to become surety for him. } *aside.*

*Bec.* And then you know, Sir, *Pantalone* is to marry the one Sister, and I the other: now it is not fit that we should fight together, who are to be brethren shortly, for I know not what.

*Leon.* Why, Sir, you must resolve to fight: go along with me



to the field: and if he offer to thrust at you, I'll step in betwixt, and save you both.

*Bec.* Will you be as good as your word, Sir? *Leon.* I will indeed.

*Bec.* Then have at him——But harke you, Sir, you must have a speciall care he touch not my face, for so he may put but my eye ( God blesse us ) and then where is your honour forsooth?

*Leon.* He shall not touch you Sir, come, delay is dangerous.  
*Exeunt.*

*At the other end Enter Cass. Pant. traverse &c.*

*Pant.* You may stand by, and see fair play, Sir, I shall beat him to some purpose: *Cass.* As you think fit, Sir.

*Pant.* Come on then——O *Becabunga!* thou knowes not how nigh thy fatall hour approaches——for I am sure he dares not appear.  
*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Septima.*

*Enter Arabella sola in Prison, more closely confin'd, then formerly upon the report that she was to be beheaded.*

*Ar.* O gods! is this the height of all your wrath:  
May I expect a *requiem* in this stroak?  
Yes sure——then graciously be pleas'd to hear  
My ardent votes:——O may my blood appease  
Your incens'd mindes: restore my lawfull Prince:  
Let *Marciano* live: Let nothing hurt him:  
O hear him, hear him, if there be a faich  
Able to reach your mercy, let him have it.  
I plead none for my self:——O love assist me,  
Courage, beyond the ordinar of my sex,  
Support my spirits in this agony:  
Death's but the thaw of all our vanity.

( weeps,

*Enter*

## The Discovery.

53

*Enter Borasco quietly.*

*Bor.* Nay now my soul dissolve: 'tis but a trouble  
To keep thy quarter in this perplexed body.  
O unkind Senate! eyes have not seen a fairer  
Modell of beauty — Sure, no hatchet dares  
Be horse-leech to her veines: or if it does,  
All iron shall be quite accurs'd hereafter.  
—No, ther's an angell keeps that paradise  
A fiery angell guards her: Vertue, vertue,  
Ever, and endlesse vertue! O rare beauty!  
The neereſt to her maker, and the pureſt,  
That ever dull fleſh ſhew'd us: ſuch another  
Could make attonement for half her ſex.

—See how ſhe weeps—

*Ar. Discovers him.*

*Ar.* — So, now my torturer comes —

*Bor.* Now all good angells bleſſe thee, faireſt, trueſt  
Heart-raviſhing beauty: cruell, yet lovely tyrant.  
Why ſtill in ſorrow? ſhall I never have  
One gracious ſmile — A las, how willingly  
To ſave thy precious life would I ſubmitt  
My neck to cruelty — by this hand, I would — } *Kiſſes her hand.*

*Ar.* Since it is ordain'd, Sir, I'll not endeavour  
To prove a male-content. Sir, I have done  
What I intended; ſhee's a cowardly Girle,  
Who can't endure one ſtroke for him, whoſe ſafety  
Is ſo dear to his prince and country, vex not  
Your ſelf for my miſfortunes: nothing can  
Affright my reſolutions —

*Bor.* Strange love! not to be parallel'd?

*Ar.* Piſh—I contemn the fury of your baſe,  
Malicious ſenate: reaſon does diſdain  
To dwell with ſuch, whoſe ſouls are ſtiffled with rage,  
They ſentence, whom they will, no matter why,  
Since innocent, or guilty, we muſt dye.

*Bor.* Madam, you ſhall not dye I will ſollicit  
The Senate for you: if I cannot prevaile  
As I expect, before it come to th'worſt

*Pls*



Ile set you free, although their fury reach  
My person for it——who does enterprise  
To serve his fancy, must all feares despise.

} *In going off.*

*Ar.* Ah vain fomentor of vain, fruitlesse hopes,  
Thy windmill-thoughts will break their axel-tree:  
Go foolish enterpriser: hope no favour  
From one, who e're she suffered thy embraces,  
Would rather undergo a thousand tortures.

*Exit.*

——No, if e're woman was, or may be found,  
That for fair fame; unspotted memory,  
For vertues sake, and only for it's sake  
Dares challenge room in history: O love  
Let me be only Martyr in the case.  
O *Marciano*, were it not thy safety  
That did support my soul, I should prevent  
The executioner: but since thou art  
Free from the rav'nous clutches of the rebels,  
Poor *Arabella* from that spark alone  
Derives her present courage——

——Then blessed hour approach, I'll boldly show  
That for his life, I can endure one blow.

(*Exit weeping.*)

### *Scena Ottava.*

*Enter Cassio, Pantaloni. Swords drawn,*

*Cass.* **T**His is the place, this is the hour appointed.

*Pant.* Yes, Sir, but, you see, he has not appear'd, may not  
I put up my rapier now, and go home again with my honour, may  
I not?

*Cass.* Not Sir: you must have a little patience.

*Pant.* Ho, Ho, that's very true, I must proclaime *Leonardo* and  
him both cowards——*Oyes*——*Oyes*——

*One coughs, and whispers within.*

But (a pox) I hear them comming hither. Come, *Signior*  
*Cassio*, wee have tairied too long, we will now return.

*Cass.*

# The Discovery.

55

*Cass.* No, no, stay a little yet.

*Pant.* I see this fellow has a mind I should be kill'd : would I had that unlucky challenge in my pocket again.

*Cass.* 'Slid, here they come ; to your posture, Sir. } Enter Leon. Bec.  
} swords drawn.

*Bec.* O ! look you there's *Pantaloni*, Sir, and *Cassio* too, you said he durst not appear.

*Pant.* Nay faith, now I see 'tis no more jesting, there they come both with their Rapiers drawn. *Cass.* Courage, *Signior*.

*Bec.* What shall I do now, Sir ? *Leon.* Fight, what else ?

*Cass.* We'll fight all four at once. *Leon.* Yes, yes, by all means.

*Cass.* Have at thee then, villain, *Leonardo*.

*Leon.* At you, Sir.

*Cass.* Come, to't *Becabunga*.

*Bec.* Not I, Sir ; as I am honest I will fight none at this time : for I have some business to do in the City, Sir.

*Leon.* What, you sneaking gull, will you not fight for your Mistress, Sirrah.

*Bec.* No, Sir, I will fight for no Mistress at this time ; I must go about business of more importance, Sir—O ! if he had (*aside*. not appear'd now. *Leon.* Not for the Lady *Marionetta*, Sir ?

*Bec.* No, Sir, I will renounce all the right I have to her, before I fight, at this time at least. *Pant.* I like that well.

*Cass.* 'Slid, shall we come to the fields with you, and return thus affronted ? fight it out bravely, or by this hand I'll run you both thorough.

*Pant.* Nay, it shall not be so, Sir, you see we cannot fight at this time : for, the truth is, (now when I remember) I have an appointment too, within less than a minute of an hour hence, with some Ladies of my acquaintance.

*Leon.* That's all one to us, Sir.

*Pant.* I see I must do it, there is no way else to escape— (*aside*. Gentlemen, I know what will please you : because we have brought you into the fields, that you may not be angry, as *Becabunga* says, I will renounce all the right I can have or claim in the Lady *Chrysolina*.

*Leon.* Good ———

*Pant.* For, d'you see, Sir, I care no more for her, then a Roarer does for his old Punk. *Leon.* Excellent. *Pant.*



*Pant.* I protest to you, Sir, I think they are fools that fight for women, let them fight for themselves a Gods name, it is sufficient we love them. *Leon.* Admirably good !

*Bec.* So I say too Sir, and if you have wrong'd me, I here freely forgive you.

*Cass.* Sir, that's not enough, you shall both seal this paper, that we may testifie to other Gentlemen, how we were ready to fight.

*Bec.* What paper, Sir ?

*Leon.* No matter for that, Sir, you shall both seal it, or by these hilts——

*Pant.* Nay hold, good Sir, I shall seal it——what terrible oaths these fellowes use. *(Pant. seals.)*

*Cass.* Come, you must seal too. *Bec.* Yes, yes, Sir. *(Bec. seals.)*

*Leon.* Now get you gone both of you for a brace of infamous puppets, cowardly cocks-combs, you arrogant, empty-skull'd wittals, not worthy of the least favourable smile from any Lady : you have resign'd your interests in two honourable Ladies, and therefore deserve no less then to be kick'd——thus to be kick'd——*(kicks him.)*

*Pant.* What d'you mean, Sir ?

*Cass.* Thus to kick you, you brace of bastardly Baboons——

*Leon.* And so we leave you as we found you, a pair of impudent filchers of reputation, not worthy the name of Gentlemen.

*Cass.* Farewell my Cob-webs——

*Leon.* Farewell good Spanniels, farewell—— *Exeunt ambo.*

*Pant.* Marry pox take you both, what notorious rascals are they.

*Bec.* Come, come, we must be friends again ; let them go hang themselves if they please.

*Pant.* If I had them in another place——

*Bec.* But harke you, what if they show the Ladies that we have renounc'd our interest in them ? what will you say then ? think you that ever the Lady *Chrysolina* will look upon you again.

*Pant.* I should have made them both black and blew.

*Bec.* Will you let's go and prevent them, I say.

*Pant.* By all means——this trick shall do *Leonardo* no good, what a fool was I to believe *Cassio* ?

*Bec.* So I say alwayes ; but come, quick——he that speaks first is alwayes best heard.

*Pant.*

## The Discovery.

5

*Pant.* I'l to them yet, for all this, he has not beat me out as I thinks.

*Exeunt*

### Scena Nona.

*Enter Marciano solus, having got intelligence that Arabella was to die.*

— **H**Eart ! art thou thunder-proof ? can nothing break t h  
Shall *Arabella* die, and thou still live ?  
— Burst stubborn peece of flesh — O ! heavens for-bid,  
Those eyes may live to see the world without her.  
— The Senate hath condemn'd her — O ! base wret d  
Unhumane Tyrants ; Monsters of this age ;  
O ! barbarous villany ; what bloody thoughts ?  
It is not because she was accessory  
To my escape : No sure, but 'cause I love her,  
That she must die ; as if those hell-hounds mean'd  
To strike the Stars, and all good things above,  
Regardless of her deity : no devil  
Could be more cruel — But, hold, *Marciano*,  
Thou art the executioner : thou alone.  
Say, wretched man, was thou affraid to die ?  
Could fear prevail so far ? Alas ! thy fame  
Has lost it's right wing by thy too rash flight,  
Leaving so rare an hostage in thy place.  
Yet, who had said, or who had ever thought,  
A thing so closely carryed could have ever  
Thus come to light. She was to be enlarg'd  
That very day : for so she did assure me,  
Else had my wearied soul resign'd it's casket,  
And I, by this time, sleep'd with blessed shades  
Of my Ancestors, maugre all her tears.  
— But what, I dream, I must do something more  
Then only mourn for her : if art assist,



I'll study to preserve her ; either return,  
 Submit my self to mercy of the Rebels,  
 If otherwayes those goblins cann't be conjur'd,  
 Or else by open force, or private means.  
 What e're be th'event, I'll procure her freedom :  
 May be the gods are more propitious  
 Then I imagine. Come—it is resolv'd  
 She shall not die — fools are amaz'd at fate, } *in going off.*  
 Grievs but conceal'd are never desperate. }  
*Exit.*

*Actus Quintus, Scæna prima.*

*Enter Borasco solus.*

**N**ay hold, my spleen ; do not burst yet —  
 How this same Lady hath abus'd my favour,  
 Escap'd, no man knows how ; gone, God knows whether.  
 If I fly not, I shall supply her place,  
 That is resolv'd I know — Fortune, you shall not  
 Play upon me ; although you now begin  
 To frown upon most of our Senators :  
 For, since the brave Lord *Barbaro* is dead,  
 All such as were his creatures are discarded ;  
 Amongst whom, I am one — a plague on all  
 Your base seditious cocks-combs : your proceedings  
 Will strengthen *Cleons* interest. Hell-hounds, Tygars,  
 Adieu base Elves : I'll post to *Venice* straight,  
 And there evite the ruine of your State.

*Exit.*

*Scæna*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pantaloni, Becabunga, with Chrysolina,  
Marionetta.

*Pan.* **T**Ush, these are all but stories, Madam, I was but jesting with them when I did it.

*Mar.* Sir, I will hear no excuse. *Bec.* I vow 'tis true, Madam.

*Pant.* Nay, but harke you, Madam *Chrysolina*, if you come to that with it, I can make you love me yet, whether you will or no.

*Mar.* Will you, Sir? *Chryf.* Pray, how do you that, Sir?

*Pant.* Why, thus I instruct it, Madam; I can show you several Letters under your own hand and seal, day and date, &c. that you are my humble servant, which you dare not for your ears deny, dare you? *Chryf.* You had best be silent.

*Pant.* Nay more, I know you love me yet, because the last time I was with you, you gave me a knot of Ribbons, which my mother keeps well lock'd up in her Cabinet yet, as a love-token: and moreover, when I said I will come and see you again to morrow, you said, sayes you, you shall be welcom.

*Chryf.* This will not do it, Sir, you have renounced us, and therefore——— *(she offers to remove.)*

*Bec.* Nay hold, Madam, we were but in jest.

*Pant.* And then they forced us to do it.

*Bec.* I, and if we had not done it, they swore (God blese us) that they would kill us.

*Pant.* And then, you know, it was better to seal a peece of paper then to be kill'd.

*Chryf.* What strong arguments they use.

*Mar.* Sister, we must shake e'm off now or never.

*Bec.* And then, Madam, if we had been kill'd———

*Pant.* Yes, if we had been kill'd, it had been small advantage for you.

*Bec.* I, and then, Madam——and then, I say, Oh! if } *aside.*  
*Manduco* were here to plead for me now.

I z

*Pant.*



# Marciano; or,

*Pant.* Nay, if you will not hear us, take your pleasure.

*Chryf.* No more, Sir, get you gone, henceforth I disclaim you.

*Pant.* And I you too, d'you see; I care no more for you, *Miris*, then you do for me: I am as good a Gentleman as your self; and if you were not a woman I would tell you more of my mind.

*Bec.* I knew it would alwayes come to this at length, I vow; think you Gentle women do nothing but entertain us with vain hopes for a while, and then cast us off.

*Pant.* Mistris, shall I tell you, there are more Ladies in *Florence* here you that will be blyth of me yet; and so long as I have money in store, I am sure to have Mistresses in store.

*Chryf.* Are you so, Sir?

*Pant.* I that I am; but I will complain to your Uncle, to the Lady *Saromanca*, and to all your kindred, that you have cheat me, for all your fair promises.

*Chryf.* You are a prating fool.

*Pant.* I am no more prating then your self, Mistris; but if there be justice to be had of you, I'll have it.

*Mar.* Come, let us leave them, Sister, else they'll both fall a weeping.

*Pant.* For whom, for you, Mistris? I'll let you know we are no such children.

*Bec.* No; but, I protest, I cannot but weep though.

*Chryf. Mar.* Farewell, farewell, march to your travels my Gamesters, farewell.

*Exeunt ambo.*

*Pant.* Peugh—Farewell; I believe you are the greatest fool of the two, *Madam Chrysolina*, call they you.

*Bec.* I protest, *Pantatoni*, I am very sorry for the loss of this bony Lady though. O! how my father will chide me now: for he had given *Manduco* orders to provide my Wedding-cloaths, and now all's blown up.

*Pant.* Come, come, we know the worst on't: let them go, we will never want great matches yet; let us think now to be revenged on them villains, *Cassio* and *Leonardo*: the first time I meet any of them, I will cut the tongue out of their heads that they shall never talk more.

*Bec.*

*Bec.* I, so will I too: but we must have *Manduco* with us then, for he will make them stand in awe of him.

*Exeunt.*

*Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Marciano solus, as at Pisa.*

**T**Hat she's escap'd, that, I know certainly,  
 So letters from *Siena* have inform'd me.  
 But by what means, or where she is, I know not.  
 Never remembers him, who, if he should  
 Forget her but one hour, would think he had  
 Offended highly, yet she's silent still.  
 If I receive no letters from her, shortly,  
 I'll become jealous of her, sure; that she,  
 Who was all love, is now so quickly cold  
 In her affections. — But what! I blaspheme  
 The virtuous *Arabella*, she's all virtue,  
 And cannot prove unconstant —  
 Now let me meditate on what my Prince  
 Hath order'd me to do: He's still the same,  
 And bears a mind, that floats above the waves  
 Of all adversities, as who should say,  
 Fortune, even do thy worst. His Counsellours,  
 Like to wise Mariners, assay'd to stretch  
 The top-sayles of their courage in this tempest,  
 Least both they, and their Prince should suffer shipwrack.  
 Only was I commanded some years since  
 Upon an expedition to *Siena*,  
 Encourag'd by th'affectionate expressions,  
 And actions of the valiant *Cassaneo*,  
 And others of our loyal country-men.  
 But fortune crush'd our enterprises, so  
 I did return to *Savoy*, where my Prince  
 Did then reside: and now, I am commanded

To



To second here an enterprize at *Pisa*,  
 Which whether it succeed or not; my duty  
 Is yet at least to prosecute it — *A post-horn sounds within.*  
 How's this — a post-horn: good —

*Enter Strenuo with a Letter*

*Str.* All's well, my Lord, now do our joyes begin.  
 To flourish after such a tedious winter.  
 The Duk's restor'd, and now intends at *Florence*.  
 Here, here's a letter for it, from himself.

*Marc.* Restor'd! — Nay hold my heart — I'll read this letter. (*reads*  
 — True, True: — O fortune how I hugge thee now.  
 And thou my good friend *Strenuo* — (*embraces him.*

*Str.* Brave dayes, my Lord; the Court does fill apace,  
 The Ladies croud in throngs: the glory of  
 Her sex, your darling, the fair *Arabella*,  
 Since clouds of melancholly are overblown,  
 Does now appear in loves full horizon.

*Marc.* O how propitious! lend me moderation,  
 Reins to my joy, as well as to my sorrow,  
 Else, I shall quickly burst to death: this blest'd,  
 And unexpected *Tarantula*: of news  
 So tickles all my senses: — joyfull tidings!  
 My Prince restor'd! my dearest *Arabella*  
 At Court! now my felicity lacks nothing  
 But sight to be compleat: that my eyes may  
 Perswade my yet almost incredulous soul,  
 To what my fancy never durst have prompted  
 — To horse — To horse, I'll post to *Florence* quickly.

*Exit, post-horn sounds.*

*Scena*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pantaloni, Becabunga, and Manduco  
with (words by their sides.

Man. **O** Tempora ! O mores ! O the effrænite, licentious perversity of untamed adolescence ! what a villanous, scelerate attempt to entice two young Gentlemen to a Duel : who besides, that they are both innocent Boyes, why, their very Uncles and other friends, are employed in serious negotiations of the Senate. *Prob Deum, atque hominum fidem !* Is all my industry in sollicitation, my immense study and lucubrations for framing familiar epistles, my oratory in private commendations and exhortations for both these Gentlemen come to nought ! — *Prob fasinus ingens !*

Pant. Peace, Mr. Manduco : you must not only teach us how to beat, but likewise assist us in beating these dissolute fellows ; for I have sworn, Sir, and that is enough —

Bec. I, so I say too, for, you know we wear our swords here for no other end ; look you, are not my hilts very handsome, O now, I will swear, *By these hilts*, as well as *Leonardo* himself.

Man. And for that effect, I have got my sword too : I am *lenis in puniendo* : but when I am provoked, *invenient me leonem*, they shall find me a very Lyon : my schollars at *Santo Burgo*, where I was sometimes *Indimagister*, can yet testifie that : and for my severity in castigando — *Probatum est*.

Pant. Although *Leonardo* has got my Mistress, yet I'll have about with him, albeit he be a Senatours son in law, with a mischief to his heart, when such Gentlemen of estates as I, am shak'd off.

Bec. And for me, since *Cassio* has got my Mistress : let him keep her : I must look out for some other great match in time ; for they say, *Manduco*, that now since the Duk's restord, they who were active in the late rebellion, must be forfeit of their estates : and what



what will become of my Patrimony then : for you know my father has been a great man all this while, ( I fear he never be so again ) now, you know, if I loss my Estate, how shall I have a wife then ? what think you, *Pantalon* ? ( *Pant. draws.* )

*Pant.* Nay, I can think on nothing now, but how to thrust at *Leonardo*.

*Bec.* So, I will draw too, if you come to that with it. ( *Bec. draws.* )

*Man.* And for me—I love no diminution—but when I am provoked, I will assist you—*Et sic arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis.* } *Man. puts the hilts of his sword betwixt his feet, and tugs at it violently.*

*Enter Cassio, Leonardo, with Chryf. Mar.*

*Cass.* Madam, my resolution was alwayes unfeigned to serve you : your coy refusal diminished nothing of my affection, but did rather incite me the more to love you. } *to Mar.*

*Mar.* I did alwayes esteem my self honoured in your love, Sir, though the capricious humors of my self-seeking friends did countermand my desires, } *Bec. runs away, Man. and Pant. retire to a corner of the Theatre.*

*Leon.* Nay then, unspotted beauty, answer those gracious obligations your self : it passes the activity of my invention. I have been alwayes your devout admirer ; but now I am so much bound to love you, that although my affection should super-erogat, yet I can plead no merits. } *to Chryf.*

*Chryf.* Sir, your merits have made conquest of my affections---

*Cass.* Prethee, *Leonardo*, would'st see good sport— } *Pantalon and Man. justles, Pant. wrestles loose, Man. joins to*

*Leon.* As how ?

*Man.* Nay, you must stay, I will not fight alone. } *Cass. and Leon.*

*Pant.* Fy, not before women, Sir, that were unhandfom—

*Exit Pant. running.*

*Mar.* Keep off, *boni viri* ; for, if you approach, you shall find the vinegar of my wrath. I have chastised many such in my time, I'll make you know what it is *rem habere cum Professore*, to bell the cat with one to whom you owe respect. *Leon.*

Leon. takes hold on Man.

Leon. Thou slovenly, greazy Pedant, glass-gazing, superficial affected peece of ignorance, get you gone, speak no more ill of Gentlemen; or if you do, you may come to carry your joynts in a box yet— Man. Never again, Sir— (lets fall his sword.

Leon. If you do— Man. *Ita me Deus amet*, never, Sir.

Cass. We'll put you to the stripado, if you don't behave your self more civilly.

Man. Never again, as I am erudite—So help me, God—never, Exit.

Mar. Poor fellow, he must have his humour.

Chryf. If he could hold his peace sometimes, he is a good honest fellow; but he can speak good of no man, but those of his own profession.

Cass. We have punished him sufficiently, let's think no more upon him.

Leon. Nor upon our *quondam* Rivals either. Come, we'll continue our progress to Court.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## Scena Quinta.

*A joyfull noise within, Trumpets, Kettle-drums, Ho-boyes,  
With all sort of musick.*

*Enter the Duke, Marciano, With others of the Nobility, Courtiers and Attendants, at his entry.*

Song.

**N**ow breaks our day,  
Fairies away,  
Pack hence, I say,  
Your power's undone.

Room for Jov's progeny,  
Full of divinity.

X

Cleon,



Cleon, brave Cleon, nature's Paragon,  
 Rebellion breathless lyes,  
 Hell sings her obsequies,  
     Usurping Traitors quick be gone.  
 Now, Cleon, divine Cleon mounts His Throne,  
 Room---room---room---room for Him alone.

Cleon. Heavens yet are just : they now have paid us home  
 Our former losses with large interest——

—— A good while lost is never known to many,  
 An ill while feel'd is scarcely known to any :  
 For men, like butter-flies, rush on the candle  
 Of war at all occasions, untill some  
 Are burn'd to ashes : others hurt their wings ;  
 Then they recoil amaz'd, and not while then,  
 They blame the projects of their troubled brain.

—— Now ( gods assume our thanks ) we, who before,  
 Were toss'd in waves of war, are so no more——

—— Florence, take heed, jest not with supreme Powers,  
 'Tis hard to thrive, when heavens do countermand  
 Thy foul designs :—— But wisely learn to know  
 Thy former errors, and commit no more.

1. Court.—— A Prince's word is good divinity——

2. Court.—— While Subjects oaths are down-right perjury,  
 And serve for nothing but to feed Rebellion.

Cleon. How ! Marciano, you seem discontent,  
 What sullen cloud amid'st this calm of joys  
 O'ercasts your noble soul ?—— Marc. Not I, dear Prince,  
 I am not discontent.

Cleon. Come, Marciano, you shall feast your senses  
 On what we know your soul entirely loves.

—— Now let us in, 'tis time we were at counsell.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Within, musick as before.*

Song.

Dull man, do'st not see in his countenance  
 Such rare becoming grace,

*As*

## The Discovery.

67

*As one might freely say he did enhaunce,  
Majesty in his face.  
Why art become  
So grossly dumb?  
Cannot thy tongue pay tribute to his praise?  
Hark how all Florence sing,  
In such a cheerfull spring,  
And every one their voices raise.  
Why silent then, when after all our tears,  
Clouds which did shroud the light, our Sun appears?  
Appears — Appears  
Dissolving all our jealousies and fears.*

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### Scæna Sexta.

*Enter Arabella sola.*

*Ar.* **A**Ll now rejoyce, but I : my former griefs  
Still dwell with me, untill the noble, constant,  
Generous *Marciano* doth appear —  
— Goodness ! 'tis he — *O !* } *Enter Marciano discoursing quiet-*  
how my heart begins, } *ly with a Courtier. Exit Court.*  
Even as a murder'd carcase, to distill  
Gross drams of blood at sight o'th murderer. (*Marc. discovers her.*  
*Marc.* — Cold vertue guard me — if I dream not — 'tis she.  
— Mercifull heavens, can *Marciano* see  
His very soul ? yet not in extasie.  
— *O ! Arabella*, fairest, ever worthy, (*embraces her.*  
I offer thus my heart — thus — thus — and thus —  
*O !* art alsist me — suddain joy had never  
Suddain expression — *Ar.* Sure, my Lord, you cannot  
Be more surpris'd then I am ; pray imagine  
A heart abstract from cares, and hois'd in high  
Raptures of joy ; even such you may define,  
Mine-thine — thine-mine — the gods could ne'r have been

K 2

More



More gracious then now —

Then, *thus*, my Lord, pray let me evidence

The temper of my heart, since you went hence.

} *embraces.*

*Marc.* O! thou, the loadstone of my else-wandering fancy,

That keeps my soul still fix'd — what can I render

Conform to thy fair merits — *Ar.* Love, my Lord,

— Love, love — I say, I cannot ask for more.

Next, if you will oblige me, prethee honour

Our friend *Falasso*, one deserves your favour.

— He entertain'd me kindly in your absence,

During your long exile. *Marc.* Heavens thank him for it,

I shall esteem him highly, and recommend

Him to the Duke — But now, my heart's in flames —

— Never was man more happy in his choyce }

Then I in mine — *Such Mistresses are rare* — } *aside.*

You were my fellow-sufferer ; sprightly Nymph,

If love connive, would you not willingly

Be sharer with me in my prosperity ?

*Ar.* Those, who know all things, know my great ambition.

*Marc.* No more — no more — we wrong our joyes to stay

On such discourse — 'tis time we supplicate

The gentle *Hymen*, he shall us unite,

That *Florence* may behold our joyes compleat.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Ultima.*

*Enter two of the guard with Partuyfans,*

1. *Part.* **C**ome, Come, all things will now resume their ancient splendour.

2. *Part.* Yes, yes, now we begin, like Marriners after a tempest, to suck our bottles at ease again.

1. *Part.* O brave dayes ! who would have dream'd on this suddain revolution some years since.

2. *Part,*

## The Discovery.

69

2. *Part.* No more of that discourse, look to the Court-gates, for there shall be such a crowd of Gallants with their Ladies, Apprentises with their Wenches, Citizens with their Wives, and all the confused rabble, by and by, that we shall have a great labour on't to keep the half on'em out.

1. *Part.* Right, for the Lord *Marciano* is to be married to night, and we shall have a Masque, I warrant you.

2. *Part.* I beleeve we shall have a merry night on't.

1. *Part.* You ar welcome, my masters, walk } *Enter Cass. Leon.*  
towards the further corner, pray you, there } *Chrys. Mar.*  
you shall have best room.

*Cass.* The Duke will be here by and by. 1. *Part.* We expect so, Sir.

*Leon.* Come then, wee'l aside, *Cassio.*

*A flourish within, Musick, &c.*

*Enter mee Partnyfians.*

*Part.* Clear the way, the Dukes a coming.

*Enter Cleon, leading Arabella by the hand,*  
*Courtiers, Attendants, &c.*

*Cleon.* — Remember no more, fair Lady,  
On by-gone miseries —

} *Cass. Leon. Chrys. Mar.*  
} *kiss the Dukes hand, &c.*

*Enter Marciano with Strenuo, presents him to*  
*the Duke, &c.*

*Marc.* May it please your Highness —

This was my friend, my very trusty friend

In all my exigencies, very kind

To both me and the Lady *Arabella.*

Here only, I present him to your Highness — ( *Str. kneels, &c.*

*Cleon.* Whatever favours were bestow'd on you,

We do account them done to our selves —

— You are his friend, so, *Signior*, you are ours. ( *Str. arises,*

*Str.* May all the blessings of the heavens combine  
To raise your highness to a pitch divine. —

*Cleon.* My Lord *Marciano*, we have alwayes had  
A narrow eye over all your proceedings,

We've



We've found you loyall, without spot or blemish,  
 Valiant, at all adventures, ever faithfull,  
 And therefore after mature deliberation,  
 We here entrust the Government of *Siena*,  
 Your native country, to your managing——  
 Here's our Commission——take it, and remember  
 Our honour, and the *honours* of *Siena*.

} gives him  
 } a Patent.

*Marc.* Great Prince, whose daring eye strikes traitors dumb,  
 Revives all loyal souls: disperses all  
 Rebellions foggy mists: you have this day  
 Confer'd such honour on your highness servant,  
 As were I a base Infidel, you'd perswade  
 My heart to faith, my tongue to oratory——  
 ——Thus——thus, dear Prince, I tender solemnly,  
 All homage to your highness, while I dye.

*Cleon.* Arise, enjoy those honours, and approve } *Cleon takes him*  
 Your self a pattern of both fear and love. } *by the hand.*

*Man.*——*Severestime, Augustissime*——*dux* } *Enter Man. Bec. Pant.*

*Court.*——Remove, remove that fellow. } *Sirenuo presents them*

*Part.*——Come——come Sirrah, you think } *severally to kisse the*  
 you are in your school. *Man. Dux*—— } *Dukes hand. Min.*  
 } *harangues.*

*Part.* Come you villain. }

*Man. Princeps*——*Tus*——*Tus*——*cania.* } *Part. dragges*  
 } *him off.*

*Court.* What an impudent rogue is this?

*Cleon.*——As for this Lady, whom thy gentler fates  
 Have still reserved for your chaste embraces,  
 We still will honour her, as having seen  
 Evident signs of her affection,  
 And loyalty to us——

*Ar.* And still shall be,  
 Dear Prince, so much as in a Woman lyes,  
 I'll offer prayers and tears, and sacrifice,  
 The first fruits of my wishes; I'll implore  
 Such blessings, as the gods have heap'd in store,  
 May rain upon your royal highness head,  
 That in your eyes heavens favours may be read——

1. *Court.* May forrein Princes his great power envy —

2. *Court.* May he his treacherous enemies plots defye —

*Leon.* May he restore our former happines —

*Cass.* And *Medicis* great princely house encrease —

*Marc.* While all his faithfull Subjects long to see

The royal hopes of his posterity —

*All.* — *Long live our Prince, and may he still appear,*

*The brightest Star in all our Hemisphere.*

*A joyfull noise within, &c.*

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Plaudite.*

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**F I N I S**

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